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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Visit to Spain; detailing the Transactions which occurred in that Country, in the latter part of 1822, and the first Four Months of 1823. With an Account of the Removal of the Court from Madrid to Seville; and general Notices of the Manners, &c. of the Country. By Michael J. Quin, Barrister at Law, and F.R.S. Lit. Soc. pp. 359. London 1823. Hurst, Robinson, & Co.

Intelligence in observing, impartiality in delineating, and a pleasant style in describing, are the requisites of an entertaining volume of travels, the author of the *Visit to Spain* has produced a work eminently entitled to that distinction. We do not know when we have journeyed with a more acceptable companion—one of whom we may say, as he does of some chance associates on his route to Seville, “we happened to harmonize admirably, and we might have travelled to Clivia without feeling any other desire than that of rendering the way as mutually agreeable as possible.” (p. 207.) Indeed, Mr. Quin appears to have hit the right medium—he is neither too general nor too minute;—he does not repeat things which all his precursors have told, but, even in going over beaten ground, seizes some new features to mark his course;—and he has so happily mixed his accounts of the Spanish politics (peculiarly interesting at this period,) with his general remarks on the national character and customs, (at all times interesting,) that we hardly know whether to prize his publication chiefly for its valuable view of objects of immediate curiosity, or for its more lasting merits.

Having prefaced our notice with these brief but effectual compliments, we shall justify them by a few extracts, to exhibit the various attractions of the volume; though, in so doing, those parts which belong to the passing politics of the day will be but slightly touched upon; and thus that which forms a leading and important branch of the author's plan be left to be gathered from the perusal of his work.

Travelling rapidly from London to Bourdeaux, and thence to the Pyrenees; we find the following observation on that remarkable tract of country called the *Landes*—

“There is nothing more remarkable in this country than the echo, which is capable of being awakened in several parts of it. The crack of the postillion's whip was heard repeated in twenty vibrations, each lessening as they resounded along the interminable waste. The tick of a cloth mill, which we passed, was heard distinctly for at least three miles of the road. A peculiar stillness pervaded the atmosphere—not a leaf on the trees trembled; now and then a prolonged call was heard from some cottage buried in a distant part of the forest, which died away in the air with a melancholy cadence. The echo is rationally accounted for, by the peculiar solidity of the sandy soil, which rather reflects than absorbs the sounds that pass

over it. But the stillness which it produces is almost supernatural.”

From Bayonne to Madrid the accommodations of the travellers display some of the peculiarities of the existing state of things; for example:

“We left Burgos after a stay of two hours; and, after traversing a series of hills and plains, barren and uncultivated, covered with heath and broom, we arrived for the night at the petty miserable village of Cabillo.

“We were now pretty well acquainted with the disadvantages of travelling in a country reputed to be disturbed. Every body with whom we had to do turned this state of things, in some way or other, to the purposes of profit: If the alberges were not well provided, the excuse was, that either the factious had taken away their stores, or they had none, for fear they should be taken away. Our arrangements with the *voiturier* we also found to have been little better than a gross deception on his part. We allowed him liberally for our expenses on the road; but in return he set us down at the very worst alberges to which his experience could direct him; in order that he might make the most of his bargain. At Cabillo a supper was served, which not even native Spaniards could touch. Imagine us all seated round a rickety deal table, covered with an old, torn, stained green baize, upon which were placed a soiled cloth, a bowl of pottage, the odour of which was of itself an antidote to hunger, and a round deep dish of baked clay, in which were huddled together shreds of meat and vegetables exhausted of their nutriment. Two knives, three pewter forks, with one wooden spoon, were the only utensils upon which we could reckon, had we been disposed to use them. The room was little larger than the table. On each side were two bed-rooms, and on the same floor were the kitchen, the landlady's bed-room, and another sleeping-room, full of strange faces of carriers, muleteers, and pedestrian travellers, all very proper or very dangerous men, for aught we knew. The hostess, an immense muscular woman, with a face as red as the fire at which she cooked our supper, and a voice as rude as the noise of a door creaking on rusty hinges, completely ruled every thing and every body. She abused us all in the lump, for not eating of the dishes she had so much trouble in preparing; and from the time we entered her alberge until we left it, her tongue never ceased to wage war, except for the hour or two that it was subdued by slumber. The only symptom of gentleness about this horrid place was one of our attendants, a little girl of about nine or ten years of age; she was of slender figure, a mild and beautiful countenance, animated by eyes of dark hazel; her brown hair was negligently folded up on her head, her bodice was laced, in the old Spanish fashion, across the breast, and round her neck hung a silver cross, a locket, and one or two little silver trinkets. Her person, though cruelly neglected, seemed

to belong to a very different sphere from that in which she was now placed. She was assisted by another little girl about her own age, quite a contrast to her in appearance, with rough hair and a pallid fierce countenance; both seemed to be timorously submissive to the hostess, and performed the few duties with which they were troubled as if they were frightened at what they were doing. It was observable that the only occasions on which our hostess spoke in any thing like woman's accept were when she addressed the pretty little girl; to the other she was as rude as to any body else.

“The nearer we advanced towards the metropolis, the aspect of the country became ruder, and the *posadas* still more inconvenient and more miserable. After leaving Aranda, indeed, we saw a few vines for the first time, and a few fertile hills moderately cultivated. But, though the greater part of the country is evidently capable of producing vines, fruit-trees, and even, in many places, corn, it is left a mere waste—not a cottage to be seen for many miles, nor the least sign of industry. Extensive pastures without a sheep upon them, lands warmed by a genial sun, and irrigated by numerous streams, spread themselves every where around, inviting the attention of the husbandman, but inviting it in vain.

“We arrived for the night at the Venta of La Molara, another solitary alberge, in the midst of a wild and desolate heath. This *posada* is within eight leagues of Madrid, and yet, strange to say, it could only afford two beds. There was no supper to be had unless eggs and grapes,—a supper which more than one of our party would have every where gladly accepted. There was only one knife to be had, and that a rusty one; the spoons and forks were of wood! Slept in the *voiture*.

“After leaving this miserable place, our route lay through Cabanillas, San Augustin, and Alcobendas. As we approached the metropolis, we found the lands on each side of the road rich and well cultivated, chiefly disposed in vineyards and corn-fields, but there was scarcely a tree to be seen any where, except at a distance of three or four leagues on the right hand, where is situated the Pardo—a country palace belonging to the King. When we arrived within about a league of Madrid, it suddenly presented itself to our view with its numerous apices and steeples, standing almost, like Palmyra, in the midst of a desert. No shady groves, no avenues, no country seats, bespoke the approach to a great capital. Not an object of any sort was to be met worth describing, until we entered the barriers, which we passed at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon.”

The author's descriptions of Madrid, the meetings of the Cortes, the debates of the Landaburians, the street tumults, the theatres and amusements, the situation of the Royal family, and other circumstances of a

memorable epoch, are all highly interesting; but though we could enlarge our review with many excellent selections from these pages, we are induced to limit ourselves to the shortest specimens on one or two points.

"December. The mornings and evenings of the winters in Madrid are usually very cold. In England a cold winter is considered salubrious; here it is the contrary; for Madrid is seated so high over the level of the sea, that its atmosphere is very thin; and a cold northern wind, which seems scarcely strong enough to extinguish a lamp, pierces to the heart, and not unfrequently freezes the very sources of life. Pulmonary complaints, brought on by this excessive cold, are common; and so rapid is their progress, that the sufferer is carried to his grave in three or four days. Sometimes these imperceptible blasts act on the limbs exposed to them like a palsy, and they are the more dangerous, as they chiefly haunt the atmosphere immediately after a brilliant and warm sun has left it. Hence it is, that in this season the Spaniards are seen usually muffled up to the eyes in their cloaks. By covering the lower part of the countenance they breathe a warm air, a precaution that is almost indispensable to their safety. Their lungs are generally bad; and this must be the case as long as they continue their deplorable custom of smoking cigars. The cigars most commonly used are nothing more than eight or ten grains of coarse tobacco wrapped up in a small square of white paper. It is not tobacco, in fact, which they chiefly smoke, but paper, which every body knows is impregnated with an oil that is more or less poisonous. The oil of yellow letter-paper is a rapid and rancorous poison; and though many Spaniards know this, they continue the habit.

"The street of Alcala, superb in every other respect, is inconvenient for pedestrians, on account of the narrowness of the footway, and the roughness of the pavement. In snowy or rainy weather this inconvenience is much increased, as the footway is placed exactly under the pipes which convey the water from the roofs of the houses. These pipes project a little from the parapets, and the collected rain falls from their heights on the footway below: the simple addition of a perpendicular conduit either not having been thought of, or having been deemed too expensive. A want of cleanliness is also observable in the streets of Madrid as in those of Paris. The ante-hall of the principal houses is generally left exposed to every sort of passenger. Sometimes a poor old woman establishes in it her little stall for bread and fruit, and asses' milk; but this is no safeguard against its violation. Indeed, the proprietors invite every sort of disagreeable odour, as immediately within the large front door, or rather gate, accommodations are constructed which attract the passenger from the street.

"Beyond the front door, which is generally open, there is an interior one, which is as generally closely shut. If a visitor desires to go in, he pulls a rope, which hangs near the door, and rings a bell. A servant appears at a small square, grated aperture in the door, and demands his business; after which he is admitted to the interior of the house. In the highest order of houses a porter generally attends in the ante-hall; but in these cases the stairs ascend directly from the ante-hall; and, after the usual inquiries, the visitor goes up. In Madrid the

higher classes chiefly live up stairs. The ground-floor apartments are all assigned to the use of the servants and kitchen, or are stored with lumber.

"It is well known, that since the events of the 7th of July, Ferdinand VII. was as much a prisoner in the royal palace as ever Napoleon was in his mansion at St. Helena. The Cortes were perhaps justifiable, to a certain extent, in prescribing the movements of the king, because the sincerity of his attachment to the Constitution was properly suspected, and some obscure designs seemed to be on foot for getting him beyond the Pyrenees. It was impossible for any prince, who regarded the dignity and just rights of his throne, to subscribe, with a willing hand, the Constitution of Cadix; for it reduced his prerogatives and faculties to mere shadows. The Cortes, by demanding too much, and succeeding in their demands to the very letter, placed themselves in a false position, which they were obliged to keep, in order to preserve any of the advantages they had gained. The king, on the other hand, by conceding too much, reduced himself to a situation that rendered him naturally an object of hourly suspicion at home, and of manifold intrigues abroad.

"There were accordingly household guards and officers appointed, in whom the new government confided. These guards, armed with small carbines, were stationed in different rooms of the palace, and the stairs were night and day lined with battle-axe men. Formerly strangers had little difficulty in entering the palace, and viewing the magnificent collections of pictures and superb furniture which it contains; but at this time no one was permitted to enter who was not known to be connected with the household or the guards, and the faces of all those who came out were strictly examined before they were allowed to pass. On Court days, indeed, the prohibition of entrance was necessarily dispensed with, but very few attended these ceremonies except the Liberals. The friends of the King staid away for several reasons; for those to whom his Majesty paid any particular mark of attention were put down as Serviles, and exposed to the danger of denunciation. *and so on and so forth*

"One day I happened to be in the square before the palace, when I observed a number of state carriages going towards the principal entrance. I was told that the King and the whole of the Royal Family were just about to take their usual promenade, and I had the curiosity to see how they appeared. The principal entrance is a gateway, which, during the day-time, is a common thoroughfare, as it leads to the interior square of the palace, in which all the offices of state are situated. On the right hand is the grand staircase: it was lined with battle-axe guards; a party of the carabineers before noticed, and four or five grenadiers, occupied the lower steps, and stood on each side of the King's carriage, which was in waiting. The infantry guards were drawn up in the square before the palace, and a body of horse guards, to the number of five or six and twenty, was waiting also in the square to escort (i.e. to guard) the royal carriages. In the passage there were two or three military men in undress, and seven or eight old women, who were waiting to present memorials to the king; though they could scarcely have been ignorant that the time for asking favours from the King of Spain was passed. After waiting some time, the King and Queen de-

scended the staircase, attended by several officers of state, in full dress; dark blue coats, turned up with crimson, faced with gold, in the usual military fashion, white smallclothes, and white silk stockings. Such was also the dress of the King, in addition to which he wore a blue ribbon over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The Queen, a slight, genteel figure, with a small round countenance, feminine and timid, and not more, I should think, than eighteen or nineteen years old, appeared in a pink satin hat, very plain, and a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine, which covered the remainder of her dress. Her face has a mild beauty in it, which strongly interests a spectator. It looked on this occasion pale, and oppressed with inward suffering. The face of the King is remarkable for the vacancy—I fear I must say, the deformity of its expression. The chin and lower lip protrude considerably beyond the line of the upper features, and seem scarcely to belong to them. The upper lip is enveloped in mustachios; and yet, with these features almost of the dumb animal tribe, there is a mixture of intelligence, loquacity, and feebleness in his eye, which indicates a very peculiar character. Two of the officers of state placed themselves at each side of the carriage door, offering their shoulders to the assistance of her Majesty, while getting in. I observed that the merely took the hand of the King, and got in, not without some effort, without availing herself of the assistance proffered by the officers of state. She smiled not; she scarcely looked around her, and addressed not a syllable to any body. The King, who is a good portly figure, before he followed the Queen, looked around like a man who wished to give an impression that he was a free agent, but who betrayed his real state of duress by a certain awkwardness, which he could not control. He was as reserved and silent as the Queen. There is only one step, which is firmly fixed outside, beneath the door of the carriage, and this is so high that both their Majesties were obliged to ascend to it by means of a footstool. The footstool was then strapped behind, where it hung dangling as the carriage drove off. Before he left the palace, his Majesty put out his hand from the window, and received the several petitions which were presented to him. I was rather surprised that this custom was permitted to remain, as it might easily have been made the vehicle of private communications to the King, which the whole system of the household was framed to intercept. Don Carlos, the King's eldest brother—and very like him, with the exception that his figure is short—his wife and family, followed in the second coach, equally reserved. Don Francisco and his consort followed in the third. He has a good face, but a short figure. In getting in he gave one or two of the officers a nod of recognition, and forced a smile into his countenance, which seemed to be very little valued by those for whom it was meant. Don Francisco was popular before the 7th of July; but since that time his star has grown pale. The three carriages rolled away without a cheer, or an expression of any sort from the persons present. They were immediately joined by three other state carriages, filled with the officers of the household, and the whole cavalcade was attended by the escort already noticed. The infantry received it in a respectful manner, the band playing, and the standard lowered as it passed. Thus the King and the Royal Family took

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their rides every afternoon—the weather permitting—thus attended—thus garded. If they had amongst them a spark of sentiment, they must have envied the humblest cottager whom they met on their road, for he was free to breathe the mountain air, and to turn the head of his mule to whatever point of the compass he pleased.

One part of this account will, we think, strike the visitors to the British Gallery now open; we allude to the extraordinary coincidence of personal resemblance between Ferdinand VII. and the portrait of Charles V. (with the tame partridge) by Titian. Even with the break in the line after Charles II., it is extraordinary that any thing so like

The tenth transmitter of a foolish race, should pay tribute to the truth of art, and crown the lapse of three long centuries!

(To be continued.)

The Manuscript of 1814. A History of Events which led to the Abdication of Napoleon. Written at the command of the Emperor, by Baron Fain, Secretary of the Cabinet at that epoch. 8vo. pp. 412. London 1823. H. Colburn & Co.

TOLERABLY tired of the prolix and apparently interminable dictations ascribed to Buonaparte at St. Helena, with which his faithful adherents the Bertrands, Montholons, Gorgands, and Las Cases, are favouring the world, we looked with absolute dismay at the entrance of a new candidate on the course. But our apprehensions speedily vanished, and we soon came to relish what we had so causelessly suspected; for though Baron Fain displays the same leanings and partialities as his fellow labourers, his conduct over the important period which his work embraces is a very choice one, and we do not think its history has received any more valuable lights than will be thrown upon it by the volume before us. Combined with the excellent publication of Lord Burghersh, and unfolding the springs on one side as his Lordship did on the other, the two together form an almost perfect illustration of an era of matchless consequence in the destinies of Europe. The writer, or editor, has indeed somewhat weakened his authority by calling in to his support the evidence of such persons as Sir R. Wilson, the Abbe de Pradt, Mr. Beauchamp, &c. for if the statements really emanated from Buonaparte, it was surely unnecessary to corroborate them by the assertions of less informed men. Still, however, we consider this volume as of infinitely greater weight as well as interest than any of the Saint Helena productions. The literary spinning details from that island relate but to the follies of the Samson after his hair was shorn; whereas Baron Fain shows us his doings when among the Philistines in the fulness of his strength, and with all the firebrands lighted at the fox-tails to spread conflagration over the earth.

And the picture is a striking one, whether contemplated as a whole or in parts. In the former we see the great game of war and peace, of battle and negotiation mutually affecting each other, played as they never were played in the world before. We see both sides varying with the events of the

After the conclusion of the military operations, it may be observed that the narrative falls off, and seems to be rather speculations of Baron Fain to give out his book, than facts or remarks by Buonaparte.

hour; and the fate of nations sometimes hanging upon such trifles as the speed or delay of a courier. We see also that the halo of Buonaparte's military glory hid his rottenness even to the last; and that when his all was on the stake, he contrived so to intimidate his adversaries, that, notwithstanding their overwhelming resources, he reduced the contest to an almost equal chance. At length, when the veil was removed, what a lesson do we read!—Success worshipped, and prosperity adored; while misfortune was abandoned, and the falling were kicked downwards. Why should Buonaparte and his followers complain of this? Is it not the way of the world; and did it not attach as closely to their opponents as to them? Surely it did; and the weak reasonings against it only prove that the reasoning men apply to the affairs of others is not the standard by which they try their own cases. But these observations will be more appropriate as we go through the particulars of this important volume.

In January 1814 the situation of France approached a crisis, and we are told;

"The Emperor neglected no means of intimidating the enemy in his advance. He well knew the extreme circumspection of the generals who were opposed to him, and he foresaw their irresolution. Numerous military reviews took place in the Court of the Tuilleries; and the journals never failed to double or triple the real amount of troops that had been reviewed. In less than a month, upwards of one hundred thousand men were stated to have marched through Paris to join the army.

"But we must leave these newspaper stratagems, and return to truths."

Trickery to the last! And this is the great distinction between the Buonaparte accounts and those of such writers as Lord Burghersh. From the one we have a round unvarnished tale, consistent with the simplicity and honesty of sober history; from the other we have delusion and rhodomontade. Thus, for instance, Baron Fain, speaking in the name of his master:

"The enemy had occupied Saint-Dizier only a few days; but even during that brief interval the boasting of the allies had too forcibly impressed on the inhabitants an idea of the danger which threatened France. They pictured to themselves the circle of invaders that was spreading round the capital, and the miseries created by the presence of the enemy were aggravated by the despair of obtaining either deliverance or revenge. But the allied troops, who only the day before had manifested such confidence, now commenced a precipitate retreat: they fled, exclaiming, that the Emperor Napoleon was pursuing them, and was at their heels! This intelligence roused the inhabitants of Saint-Dizier. Napoleon appeared. They could scarcely believe their eyes. The people gathered round the Emperor, endeavouring to touch him, and crowds escorted him to the Mayor's house, where he established his quarters. All were now eager to pursue the enemy, who was no longer feared. Enthusiasm spread from place to place, until it reached the villages of Barrois and the forest of Der. The peasantry collected their arms, pursued the enemy, and brought prisoners to Saint-Dizier."

This is the language of Charlatanism, exaggerating the most common occurrences of a campaign into monstrous disproportions. Or again, at the end of March:

"Paris was capable of resistance for some days; the Parisians had promised to defend it; but could Napoleon arrive time enough to assist them?"

"The enemy, marching across plains, which had been already ravaged, completely exhausted them, and we could not follow their traces without the risk of losing ourselves in deserts."

Who were the Parisians; and where were the deserts? In which an army was to be lost within twenty miles of the capital of France? But we must return to events as they occurred in the earlier days of the struggle—those days which furnish short dates for the division of Baron Fain's chapters, but on which the fate of the universe depended. And it is very early in the epoch that we find the following striking view:

"To evacuate the fortresses of the Elbe had now become impossible; for the space of two months all communication with those garrisons had been cut off. Perhaps there was yet time to hazard the determination of evacuating Italy, abandoning the fortresses of the Rhine, and concentrating all our forces upon Paris; but Napoleon was fearful that the troops might be endangered in their retreat, that they might not arrive until after the event, and that uncertain military calculations might lead to the sacrifice of advantages which were daily becoming more and more valuable. He therefore contented himself with demanding divisions of infantry and cavalry from Marshal Soult and Prince Eugene. In the second month of the campaign, it was expected that these reinforcements would successively enter the line. For the sake of securing these resources, Napoleon reservedly sacrificed the claims which, during four years had involved him in disputes with the Pope and Prince Ferdinand of Spain. By thus smoothing down the hostilities of the south of Europe, he conceived he could with more safety diminish the amount of his forces in Italy and the Pyrenees. The Pope was accordingly no longer detained at Fontainebleau; he received permission to return to Italy, and set out to take possession of his episcopal chair at Rome. With regard to Prince Ferdinand, at the commencement of December, the Comte de la Foret had waited upon him with communications from Napoleon. On the 11th of December, a treaty was signed by which Ferdinand was to be permitted to return to Spain, on three conditions: 1st, that he should punctually pay the pension of the King his father; 2nd, that he should deliver up the French prisoners; a step, that would have ensured to Spain the restitution of her, which were twenty times

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more numerous than the French; 3rd, that when free from the yoke of France, he should not place himself under the yoke of England.

"Ferdinand eagerly signed these conditions, and after writing with his own hand a letter of thanks to Napoleon, he set out for Catalonia. Marshal Suchet escorted him as far as the Spanish advanced posts, and on the 6th of January he arrived at Madrid.

"However tardy might be the steps thus taken for smoothing the troubles of the Church, and the resentment of the Spaniards, they might be expected to produce at least two important advantages: the return of the Pope to Rome, was likely to preserve the north of Italy from becoming the prey of the Austrians; and the restoration of Ferdinand was calculated to put a period to the influence of Wellington at Madrid."

But the influence of Wellington was not so easily to be controlled; and the defection of Murat contributed greatly to neutralize the expectations on the side of Italy. The tide of war rolled on, and Buonaparte received his first defeat on French ground at Brienne, on the 29th of January:

"In the centre, where the conflict was most furiously maintained, Napoleon commanded in person, and there the Allied Sovereigns were also present. The darkness of night put an end to the engagement, and our army retained nearly the same positions which it had occupied in the morning. But we could not claim the victory; the enemy enjoyed a decided superiority; a little more confidence would have rendered him entirely master of the field.

"At eight o'clock in the evening Napoleon returned to the Castle of Brienne, where he gave orders for the retreat upon Troyes by the bridge of Lesmont, the repairs of which were scarcely finished. While the army effected this movement, favoured by the darkness of night, Napoleon was not without fear that the enemy, availing himself of his advantages, might make an attack and embarrass our march. He every moment made the most anxious enquiries, and stationed himself at a window whence he could command a view of the whole line of bivouacs on the field of battle. The firing of musketry had entirely ceased; our fires were burning just as we had left them at the close of the battle; the enemy made no movement; the hills which formed a curtain round the valley of Aube, behind Brienne, completely masked our retreat, and it was not until day-break next morning that the enemy discovered we had abandoned our lines. Napoleon left the Castle of Brienne at four in the morning.

"On the 2d of February, at eleven in the morning, the French army re-crossed the Aube, and the bridge of Lesmont, which was now cut a second time, separated us from the enemy; but the Duke of Ragusa, who remained on the other bank of the river, to cover our movement, was in a most critical situation. General Wrede, at the head of the Bavarians, was attempting to turn him and cut off his retreat. Here our troops had to encounter the same manœuvre and the same enemy as at Hanau. This recollection inspired them with fresh courage. They found the enemy intercepting the passage of the Voire at the village of Rosnay. The Duke of Ragusa immediately drew his sword, and gave the word of command; his brave corps darted forward to charge with the bayonet, and twenty-five thousand Bavarians were put to

the rout. If the muse of history should hereafter be induced to obliterate some pages of her book, let her at least, for the honour of the Duke of Ragusa, preserve that in which the battle of Rosnay is inscribed! That exploit amply justifies the confidence which Napoleon placed in the intrepidity of Mar-mont."

Yet this is the general whom the Buonapartists have accused of sacrificing Buonaparte and the dearest interests of his country!!
(To be continued.)

My Note Book for 1822; or the Agricultural Question: a Satirical Poem. By Wilfred Woodfall, Esq. 12mo. pp. 138. London 1823. Whittakers.

THIS is a political satire of a bitter and personal kind, sparing men of no party in the House of Commons. The author really runs a-muck at all within his reach, and seems quite regardless where his blows fall, so that he can only wound somebody. As this is a spirit not very congenial to our tastes, we can merely mention the book on account of its offering a rather curious view of the peculiarities and hobbies of several members whom the author has chosen to ridicule. As an example of his style, we shall transcribe the only passage not objectionable on the score of direct personality—it purports to be the speech of a furious Irish Orangeman without a name.

I can't be silent, Sir, on this occasion. In 96, before the French invasion, The Irish cropies us'd to meet in gangs, And lanch out into treasonable harangues, In the same tone that English yeomen now Their rank rebellion publicly avow. (Cheers.) No man on earth abhors as much as I, The Jacobins that to this House apply, In language quite sufficient to disgrace Mere Irish Papists; Sir, I'll boldly face The present question, and proclaim to all What Mister Jacob * said at Killinaul: A man he was, as steady, sound and true, As ever wore the orange or the blue; I heard him say, when down in Tipperary, * John Bull I'll swear has join'd the Virgin Mary, In other words, the Papists who invoke her, Have like Freemasons exercis'd the poker On his posteriors.—(Order, order, order!) Sir, I beg pardon if I've chanc'd to border On any word not perfectly in tone; But, Sir, the words I quote are not my own— 'Therefore,' said Mister Jacob, 'do we see The Papists and the Radicals agree In one design against the Church and King; 'Tis but for this they now together cling.' Such were his words, and who shall here dispute Facts which no human logic can refute?— When common cause rebellious ruffians make, Their bond of union is the wish to shake The Crown and Mitre off the heads that wear 'm. (Hear! hear! from both the Members for Old Sarum.) At tithes and taxes furiously they rail, Convinc'd that while these lawful dues prevail, The throne and altar will be sure to stand. The owners, Sir, and occupiers of land, Whose foul petitions smell so strong of treason, Brawl out complaints without the slightest reason. Farmers should not, in any instance, budge Beyond the sphere in which they're doom'd to drudge;

* This man rendered himself notorious in 1798, as one of the most furious partizans of Orangism in the part of the country where he resided.

† A town in the county of Tipperary.

Nor once indulge the proud, presum'dent hope, With nature's true-bred gentlemen to cope. Their daughters too,—fat wenches stout and rough, Instead of silks, should wear plain homely stuff; Yet while they rival ladies in their dress, Their fathers talk of nothing but distress; Why don't they to congenial labour turn, And leave the grand piano for the churn?

(Hear, hear! and a laugh.) Sir, as to Ireland, I'm too well aware That misery always has existed there, And always will, till strong corrective vetoes Destroy the growth of Pop'y and potatoes.

(Cheers.) Compar'd with these the plagues of Egypt seem. But fretful fancies of an idle dream; When lice and locusts over Egypt swarm'd, Pharaoh became prodigiously alarm'd; But what, I ask, must be his consternation, If reigning now as king of th' Irish nation, He saw his country subject to the power Of filthy Popish harpies, who devour An excellent that grows but for their prey, The curse of nature by some fatal away: Potatoes cause such procreative habits, That Popish females breed as fast as rabbits.

(Laughter.) Hence Popish beggars through the country spread, Like maggots crawling on a carcase dead. Hence too a base deteriorated coin, Bad as before the Battle of the Boyne, When Popish James put forth his burnish'd bran, Stamp'd and devis'd for sterling gold to pass. There is a coin in Ireland call'd a penny; (Hear, hear! from C—ler—ft, and Sir William De C—r—guy.)

A coin by Popish friction so rubb'd down, That ten score pieces are not worth a crown. Besides all this, the priests are so inflam'd Against the Church, that they have always aim'd At its destruction; nor have they been loath To take a most abominable oath, Pledging themselves upon the Popish creed Never to rest till they have done the deed.

(Hear, hear!) The priests have caus'd (these cheers shan't stop my mouth)

The bloody deeds committed in the South. Urg'd on by them, the monsters of the bogs Have kill'd poor Protestants as they kill hogs.

(Repeated cheers, and laughter.) Why, Sir, I've heard that a ferocious monk Exclaim'd, with transport, "En! absolute hune!" When he beheld a savage Papist draw His reeking knife from underneath the jaw Of an old sexton, who left, as he fell, No neighb'ring sexton to proclaim his knell. The Popish peasants, like wild tigers, watch With murder fangs their hapless prey to snatch. False to their species, they have lost all right To rank as human creatures in our sight, Nor will they cease o'er bloodiest schemes to brood, Till force shall change their religion and food.

(Continued cheers.)

Characteristics: in the manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims. 12mo. pp. 152. London 1823. Simpkin & Marshall.

THE standard popularity of Rochefoucault, and the more recent success of Lacon, in our own language, have probably incited to the production of these *Characteristics*. Nor is the author unworthy of following in the train of sages who endeavour by antithesis and aphorism to impress opinions, truths, and wholesome lessons more forcibly on the mind. There are, indeed, some of his statements to which we cannot assent, and some of his conclusions from which we must dissent: his

style is not always the most effective, and there are certain prejudices manifest, both national and particular, which detract from the weight of the maxims; but still the observations are generally those of a sensible and acute man, conversant with the world, and often drawing illustrations from a knowledge of the fine arts, a student in 'the noblest study of mankind,' and altogether a person of good moral feeling; and his little volume, partaking of these attributes, is well worth a favourable reception. We select a few brief examples:

"We are more jealous of frivolous accomplishments with brilliant success, than of the most estimable qualities without it. Dr. Johnson envied Garrick whom he despised, and ridiculed Goldsmith whom he loved.

"The wish is often 'father to the thought'; but we are quite as apt to believe what we dread as what we hope.

"If a man is disliked by one woman, he will succeed with none. The sex (one and all) have the same secret, or free-masonry, in judging of men.

"A man who is always defending his friends from the most trifling charges, will be apt to make other people their enemies.

"It is well that there is no one without a fault; for he would not have a friend in the world. He would seem to belong to a different species.

"Persons who pique themselves on their understanding are frequently reserved and haughty; persons who aim at wit are generally courteous and sociable. Those who depend at every turn on the applause of the company, must endeavour to conciliate the good opinion of others by every means in their power.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear Of him who hears it."

If a habit of jesting lowers a man, it is to the level of humanity. Wit nourishes vanity; reason has a much stronger tincture of pride in it.

"The public have neither shame nor gratitude.

"It is wonderful how soon men acquire talents for offices of trust and importance. The higher the situation, the higher the opinion it gives us of ourselves; and as is our confidence, so is our capacity. We assume an equality with circumstances.

"As we scorn them who scorn us, so the contempt of the world (not seldom) makes men proud.

"One of the painters (Teniers) has represented monkeys with a monk's cloak and cowl. This has a ludicrous effect enough. To a superior race of beings the pretensions of mankind to extraordinary sanctity and virtue must seem equally ridiculous.

"I had rather be deformed, than a dwarf and well-made. The one may be attributed to accident; the other looks like a deliberate insult on the part of nature.

"Many people in reasoning on the passions make a continual appeal to common sense. But passion is without common sense, and we must frequently discard the one in speaking of the other.

"Those only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.

"Women have as little imagination as they have reason. They are pure egotists. They cannot go out of themselves. There is no

instance of a woman having done any thing great in poetry or philosophy. They can act tragedy, because this depends very much on the physical expression of the passions—they can sing, for they have flexible throats and nice ears—they can write romances about love—and talk for ever about nothing.

"Women are not philosophers or poets, patriots, moralists, or politicians—they are simply women."

Fie donc! Mr. Philosopher, what will the ladies think of you? It is well for you we do not quote your opinion of the Scotch, or you would have a People as well as a Sex among your enemies.

The King of the Peak. A Romance. By the Author of "The Cavalier." 3 vols. 12mo. Longman & Co.

If the rumour be well founded, which says that the romance of "The Cavalier" was written by one of the seven sons of Mr. Roscoe, the question who of the seven is entitled to that distinction, may be readily decided in favour of him who essayed his juvenile powers in a poem founded on the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase; since, from the spirit and style of that Poem, it is very natural to infer that the author would produce exactly such a novel as "The Cavalier," and, at a maturer period, a Romance like that which is now before us. However that may be, in all that relates to the habits, manners, and usages of the age which he has chosen to illustrate, the author is an accomplished, though not a pedantic antiquary; familiar with the gradations of feudal society, and conversant in various modes of ancient life.

The story is founded on a tradition current in Derbyshire, which forms the subject of a poem called "The Seven Foresters of Chatsworth," published very recently in a periodical work. It relates principally to a conspiracy, supposed to have been secretly favoured, if not fomented, by the court of Spain, for creating a revolution in England, which should depose Queen Elizabeth and raise the Earl of Derby to the throne. A principal agent in this conspiracy is Edward Stanley, the youngest son of that nobleman, and a soldier of fortune, alike disposed by temper, character, and habit, for any wild and desperate enterprise. The machinations connected with the formation and furtherance of his ambitious scheme, for transferring the crown of England to his family, forms the serious business of the story. Its lighter passages relate to a love affair between his elder brother, Sir Thomas Stanley, and Margaret, the daughter of Sir George Vernon, which he determines to thwart if possible, although he himself is affianced to her sister, the Lady Dorothy, who cherishes a secret and almost hopeless affection for a mysterious youth, called the Outlaw of Haddon. This wanderer of the forest is compelled, by motives which are not explained until the denouement, to conceal his name, and urge his suit in stolen interviews, exposed to the vengeance of the choleric Sir George, and to the truculent hostility of his rival, Edward Stanley. Among the more prominent of the subordinate characters are, Sparandam, a ferocious German soldado; and Sir Simon Degge, a foolish and fantastical knight, who has an infinite deal of nothing to do and to say, and is an intolerable bore.

We select, for our example of the style, a

scene which ensues on the apprehension of the Outlaw. He is thus introduced—

"Attended by a guard of Sir George Vernon's domestics, the outlaw now entered the hall, and as he was brought in front of the knight of Haddon, Sir Thomas Stanley pressed through the crowd, and took his station beside his intended father-in-law. Sir George surveyed the handsome and careless countenance of the outlaw with a fierce and angry scowl, which betokened him no good, and the mood of Edward Stanley, Sparandam, and some of the other friends of the Vernon, would have afforded him little comfort, if he had been inclined to seek it in their regards. But his eye wandered freely over the assembly, and his spirit was not checked at the sight of his enemies' rancour. He stood as firm and as calm before the proud king of the Peak, as Mutius Scaevola before the tyrant of Hetruria. But with this undaunted spirit, no jot of insolence was mingled. He was soberly brave, not contemptuously hardy; and rather seemed disposed to pay to Sir George Vernon the respect that was due to his rank and his age, than to dare him to further mischief by an open disregard of his power. All the domestics, indeed, all present, pressed as nigh to him as possible, that they might have a close view of the man that had made Haddon woods so famous; and as he unbanned on taking his station before Sir George, a murmur of admiration at the manly beauty of his features, ran through the hall. Even the eye of the Vernon appeared to relax somewhat of its ferocity, as he gazed on the ingenuous and noble countenance of his foe, and Sir Thomas Stanley was his friend before a word had dropped from him."

In the dispute, to which the examination leads, the knight's anger is roused, and he dooms the captive to be hanged on one of the trees opposite the window where he talked with his mistress. The outlaw seizes a bystander's sword to defend himself; Edward Stanley levels a pistol at him, which his brother Sir Thomas wrests from his hand. The scene thus concludes—

"'False villain!' cried Edward, gnashing his teeth, 'thou wouldst cheat thine own brother of his love and right. Noble Vernon! there is a conspiracy against us, and this brother of mine—brother no longer—is leagued with this felonious thief against our party. You that love the Vernon, our holy faith and me, draw out your weapons, and down with these traitors.'

At these words, Sparandam, Probus, and some others among the retainers of Sir George, drew their swords; whilst Stanley, finding he could not extricate his pistol from the grasp of his brother, abandoned it to his hand and bared his rapier. Sir Thomas instantly availed himself of the weapon he had acquired, and springing towards the outlaw, he exclaimed aloud—

"'I have said I will guard this gentleman's life—you that regard your own keep aloof from this weapon; for, by my honour, the first man that levels a blow at the outlaw's head, shall have its contents in his breast.'

"This threat, and the valiant countenance of the outlaw himself, caused a pause among the assailants; and Sir George Vernon, unwilling that his hall should become a scene of blood, called for silence. 'Hold, and put by your weapons. Will ye turn this house into a den of thieves? Ned Stanley, and you

of my party, put up, or ye are no longer friends of mine. Let my own servants secure this royster.

"Nay, on my life," cried Edward Stanley; "he is my own foe, and I will assault these twain traitors, if there be no one will second me."

"I fear me, Ned Stanley," cried his brother, "thou art the vilest traitor here—give back, sirrah! I will not spare thee, though thou art my own blood—advance not a foot—thou art hardly fit to die."

"I say desist, Ned Stanley, or thou art my foe!" cried Sir George; "for shame, are ye in the wood? Is this my hall that ye riot in, as if it were the common room of a brother? We came here to do judgment gravely, not to engage in a rout and skirmish."

"Let them go forth of the house," cried Edward Stanley, whose passion was nigh irrepressible, "and meet me point to point on the sward—both of 'em—come, rascals, brace on your valour for once and turn out—I will teach ye a measure without music—I will lesson ye in the sink-a-pace—out, dogs—curs—scoundrels that ye are!"

"Fie! master Edward Stanley," cried Sir Simon, "for shame, master Edward Stanley! Your own brother, Sir, a dog, a cur?"

"A fool, a knave, a wretch of thy mettle," cried the outrageous soldier, striking him repeatedly with his fist; "an utter cast-away from the blood of his race. A traitor that, for he knows not what, will herd with the foes of his kindred—will bare weapon against his own blood."

"Heaven forbid I should soil the honourable name I bear," replied his brother with great calmness. "No; rather will I stand against those of my blood that would do so. I will not see murder wrought on an innocent man—that he is so I dare avouch."

"That he is as false as thou art," cried Edward Stanley, "and thou as false as hell, I dare avouch, and will to the world."

"I prithee peace," said Sir George Vernon. "Now, Sir Thomas Stanley, what proof of this man's nobility have you? Who is he?"

"I pray ye, sir knight," cried the outlaw, who conjectured that Sir Thomas possessed the whole of his secret, "betray me not—as you love your own honour, and heaven knows you have full dearly proved it; show that regard for mine with which you have respected that which is of much less moment, my life. I cannot—I will not survive the shame of being blazoned abroad with the lies of the vulgar added to my tale; let them hear of the outlaw of Haddon, but let my true name remain unknown."

"Would I knew thy name," cried Edward Stanley, "I would have thy romance printed with the story of Troy's siege, that thy adventures might lie on every wall."

"I cannot betray that which I do not know," said Sir Thomas Stanley; "till this hour I never saw this gentleman; and his name and lineage are as strange to me as you."

"How, son Stanley," said Sir George Vernon. "Saidst thou not he was noble—of a high and potent race?"

"And so he is," answered Sir Thomas; "I am assured of it by one that is infallible."

"Perchance by his fair mistress," said his brother with a sneer.

"It was not the Lady Dorothy that gave me this assurance," answered Sir Thomas; "though if she had, her word had been sufficient. But I beseech you, Sir George, let

your decision upon the wrong you commit yourself to have suffered from this gentleman, abide the assistance and counsel of Earl Derby, who will be here to-day. Let him go back to his prison with your honourable word for his safety, and there await the judgment you shall jointly come to."

"I must know more of him," replied Sir George, anxiously fixing his eyes upon the outlaw; "wherefore, if thou art indeed a gentleman, cam'st thou not to woo my daughter, as a gentleman should, in fair and open day? Why seek her clandestinely, if thy means and intentions were honourable?"

"For one reason which you know," answered the outlaw, "which you overheard in the last converse I had with your lovely daughter—which your own word—a word never to be forgotten, sealed and ratified—the difference of our faith."

"Hail true indeed," returned the knight; "thou art a heretic."

"Ay, and a spy to boot," said Stanley, "or my word's nought."

"I faith," said Probus, surveying the outlaw narrowly, "I seem to have some floating recollection of having seen this man as a clerk in the chancery."

"Belie him not, sirrah," cried Sir George, "I have sufficient quarrel against him. He bears himself unlike a pinner of suits. Art thou a good queen's man?"

"Ay, sir, her faithful subject," answered the outlaw boldly.

"Thou knowest, I'll be sworn," continued Sir George, "that there are some here who love her not."

"I will not so much belie myself as to deny my experience," replied the outlaw; "you have now done what you scarce would answer to the law, if I should incline to question ye."

"And wouldst thou so, if free?" said the knight of Haddon.

"The courtesy you have shewn me is not so great as to baget much forbearance," said the outlaw; "but you are the father of her who holds my heart in her hand; you are safe from my revenge."

"Why thou hast spoken as a noble and a valiant youth," returned Sir George, "and thy frankness hath gained thee liberty. Go, sir outlaw; thou art free—my honour is healed by having thy life in my hands; and I will not so stain the name I bear, nor the house of my fathers, as to smirch either with thy blood. Go, thou shalt be in my ward of safety till thou art free of Haddon Park."

"You will not indeed give him freedom," said Edward Stanley; "at least not now."

"Indeed, son, I will, and now, forthwith—he is free already—my word is past," said Sir George.

"This is very whim and maggot i'th' brain," said his fence confederate.

"Be it so, Ned," answered the knight, "but so it must be."

"Good father, you have done nobly," said Sir Thomas Stanley.

"Mine honourable friend," cried Sir Simon, "you have acted with praiseworthy forbearance, with a christianlike forgetfulness of injuries."

"Refresh thyself, sir outlaw," said the knight of Haddon, "and then make the best of thy way. Some of ye attend him to Bake-well."

"The outlaw bowed, and being furnished with his cloak and weapons, quitted the hall.

As he crossed the court, he cast up his eyes to a window where he saw Dorothy and Margaret Vernon, and kissed his hand towards them. Margaret, who little expected to see him free, uttered a cry of delight; but Dorothy fell senseless with joy into the arms of her sister.

Of Edward Stanley, who is the principal actor in the story, and to all intents and purposes its hero, we find it impossible to speak in any other terms than those of unqualified hatred. With the valour of an approved champion, he combines the treacherous duplicity of a recreant; he is self-witted, cruel, arrogant, vindictive, merciless, inexorable. His thirst for blood is wolfish: he has the headlong fury of the lion, but he is not lion mettle; he takes the lead in most of the scenes as a mere intruder, and occupies a place which too often throws the worthier characters into obscurity. Those who find enjoyment in emotions excited by the development of the darker passions, may feel interested in such a portraiture; but even they must at length turn from it with aversion, as alien to humanity, and partaking the nature of a fiend. Among the other characters, the most pleasing is the lady Margaret Vernon. She is evidently the favourite of the author, whose powers of description and expression are never so happily effective as when she enters on the scene. If a wider scope of action had been given to her and her sister, the story would have been agreeably relieved from that rude and ill-disciplined energy, occasionally sinking into coarseness and vulgarity, which is its pervading fault. Successful as he is in all other respects, the author may well bear to be told of such a fault, which, however, is the less excusable in him, since he has proved himself no stranger to that courteous and exalted sensibility which should constitute the fairest grace of a tale of chivalry.

ADAMS ON THE AFRICAN COAST.

8vo. 1 vol. Whitakers.

THE amusing nature of this volume induces us to extend our extracts from it:—

The population of the town of Lagos may amount to 5,000; but there are two or three populous villages on the north side of Cradock lake, over which the cabocier of Lagos has jurisdiction. This chief's power is absolute and his disposition tyrannical to excess; his name is Cootry.

"When I first paid him a visit," (says Capt. Adams,) "he was holding a levee, and dispensing favours to his courtiers with his own royal hand, which consisted of pieces of the putrid carcass of a cow. Each individual crawled to the foot of the throne, upon his hands and knees (rubbing, occasionally, his forehead in the dust,) to receive the princely gift, and, with well-bred politeness, and courtier-like servility, crawled back again to his seat, his posterior first advancing, like those of a bear's, when it descends a tree. The room, however, was so intolerably hot, and the stench from the carrion so offensive, that I was compelled to make a precipitate retreat, or forfeit all claim to an acquaintance with royalty, by committing a breach of good manners, which a violent nausea at the stomach warned me was fast approaching; so that I had not an opportunity of witnessing at this time the effect of King Cootry's royal munificence to his courtiers, although I felt the full force of it upon myself."

The entrance leading to the audience

chamber presented a very curious spectacle. It was an oblong room of considerable length, having an opening along the centre of the roof to admit light and air. At one extremity, there was arranged the King's fetiche, which consisted of three elephant's teeth placed in a reclining posture against the wall, with the convex part outwards, and sprinkled with blood. On each side of the apartment, there were tumbled together, promiscuously, articles of trade, and costly presents, in a state of dilapidation; namely, rolls of tobacco, boxes of pipes; cases of gin, ankers of brandy, pieces of cloth of Indian and European manufacture, iron bars, earthenware; a beautiful hand-organ, the bellows of which were burst; two elegant chairs of state, having rich crimson damask covers, all in tatters; a handsome sedan chair, without a bottom; and two expensive sofas, without legs. These, I presume, were placed thus conspicuously, with a view to impress the minds of those persons who were permitted to approach the royal presence, with ideas of the wealth and grandeur of his sable Majesty; and politically, might perhaps be considered as something similar to the pagantry with which it is thought necessary to surround royalty in civilized countries, and which have so captivating and imposing an effect on the unthinking and vulgar.

Cooty, like many of his royal brethren in Africa, is a receiver of stolen goods; for he does not hesitate to share what his servants purloin: and that servant is his greatest favourite who can rob his European friends with most address. It was no secret to the master of a vessel, that his storehouse was clandestinely entered, and robbed of several bags of corn by one of the King's domestics; and he sent a message to the black monarch, that if he caught the thief in the act, he would shoot him, whoever he might be. The opportunity soon occurred, and the man was shot when in the act of taking away upon his head a bag of corn. When the King was informed of the circumstance, his only remark was, that the fellow was a fool, and not a proper man for a thief. On interrogating Ocoondo, the King's favourite and linguist, respecting the elephant's teeth, and why they were Cooty's fetiche, his answer was, that the elephant being more sagacious and stronger than any other animal, he represented best (metaphorically, of course) Cooty's power over his subjects. If the black monarch had been acquainted with heraldry, it would be a reasonable inference to draw, that his fetiche was in reality his coat of arms; and certainly a black African king and an elephant would be much more natural and appropriate than St. George and a dragon.

The policy of this African despot, in ordering the devil to pay his metropolitan an occasional visit, is by no means a weak stratagem, especially when we hear of learned divines and holy doctors being called on in civilized countries to subdue the dark spirit, and drive him out of some old bedridden hypochondriac or impostor. Cooty's devil is no aerial spirit, for he is a devil in reality; an armed man licensed to commit murder. His avocation is to run through the different avenues of the town, disguised in a mask, and to destroy all who may chance to fall in his way; but as notice is given by the Gong Gong, or bellman, of his intended nocturnal visit, it is but seldom any person loses his life. Europeans receive no

tice, and are requested not to leave their houses on the evening of his appearance, as the devil in Lagos is no respecter of persons. The fellow who performs the part comes from one of the villages on the opposite side of the lake; and the inhabitants of Lagos are certainly much alarmed at his visits, and inquire from their neighbours, the following morning, in whispers, how they fared during the night.

Besides the public warning usually given on such occasions, the devil always makes his appearance at full moon; so that if the King should be out raking, he may not mistake his royal master for a subject, although it would be a favourable opportunity to rid the people of a tyrant.

Other curious African circumstances are detailed in the following:

Male dogs are banished to the towns opposite to Lagos; for if any are caught there, they are immediately strangled, split, and trimmed like sheep, and hung up at the door of some great man, where rows of the putrid carcasses of their canine brethren are often to be seen. They are fetiches, and intended to counteract the machinations of the evil spirit.

At the eastern extremity of the town, there are a few large trees, which are covered with the heads of malefactors. The skulls are nailed to the trunks and large limbs, and present a very appalling spectacle. The town swarms with water rats from the lake, which burrow in the ground, and are so audacious that they not unfrequently make their appearance under the dinner-table while the guests remain sitting at it.

This must have been the place to which Whittington's famous cat was transported; but there are other facts almost equally curious, though we have to return for them from Lagos to Grewhe.

In the centre of the market there is a large tree, very similar to the mulberry, except that the branches grow horizontal.

This tree presents a most extraordinary spectacle; for along its branches, thousands of bats, of the largest species, hang suspended by their claws, and with their heads downwards, during the day, and do not seem to be at all disturbed by the noise beneath them, although not in a state of somnolency. I shot several, each of which measured, between the extremities of the wings, two feet; the form of their head bears a strong resemblance to that of a horse, but having the eyes, teeth, and whiskers of an immense rat.

One of the singular customs of the people of Grewhe, as well as those of Popo, is the admission of females into the order of priesthood; a custom which has not been noticed by Governor Dalziel, in his history of Dahomy. An account of the ceremony practised on this occasion may be amusing to the reader.

A young female, generally the daughter of a Fetiche Man or priest, is selected for the purpose, who undergoes a probationary penance that continues six months, previous to her admission into holy orders. During this period, she is initiated by the priests into all the mysteries and chicanery of the religion of their forefathers, which consisted in the worship of the black and white snake, and in the mummery of giving sanctity to bones, rags, &c.

When she appears in public during the period of her probation, her manner is grave and solemn; her skin is painted with a kind of white clay; rows of shells, of various forms and sizes, are hung upon her neck, arms, and ancles; and her limbs are girt with long grass,

which reaches to her knees. A dwelling is provided for her, in which she eats and sleeps alone, and into which none are admitted but fetiche men and women.

At the expiration of the six months, a large assemblage of men, women, and children, accompanied by the various orders of priesthood, and the musicians belonging to the town, takes place on an open space of ground, to assist at, and also to witness, the last grand ceremony.

Soon after assembling, the women form a circle by joining hands, among whom are the companions of the novitiate's youth, and also her relations, who commence dancing circularly, reversing the movements alternately, after making one complete circle. The dancing is accompanied by the most barbarous and horrid din imaginable, caused by the musicians beating on drums, tom-toms, gongs, and blowing horns manufactured out of elephant's teeth and reeds; to which are added the most strange and uncouth grimaces and contortions of the faces and bodies of the priests, so that a spectator might easily imagine them to be a number of maniacs, who had been turned loose to give effect to the ceremony; and were it not for the presence of the little children, who look on with fear and astonishment depicted in their countenances, would be no bad representation of Pandemonium.

The novitiate, soon after dancing commences, is brought out, by apparent force, from a little hut which had concealed her from the spectators, and placed in the centre of the circle formed by the dancing females, from whom she endeavours to escape to the hut whence she had been brought, and this she is allowed to accomplish. This ceremony is repeated three times; an incantation is then delivered by the chief priest, and the farce ends.

One of the conditions by which a female is admitted into the order of priesthood, is that of leading a life of celibacy, and renouncing the pleasures of the world; and but few are admitted to enter it at all.

We may append to this general picture the portrait of a rich savage of Ardrah.

The government is republican, although some of the leading men exercise over the common people a kind of influence derived from hereditary right, and seem to divide the power of governing them, with others who have acquired considerable wealth by their commercial dealings.

These men, when they appear in public, either on visits of ceremony, or for recreation, are always attended by one or two hundred domestic slaves and retainers, who are armed with clubs, cutlasses, and other weapons.

The most wealthy man in the town is Tammata, but who is better known by his European name, Monsieur Pierre. He is a native of Houma, and was originally a slave and taken to France by the master of a French vessel, when very young. Being a sharp boy, he was sent to school, where he was taught reading, writing, and accounts; and his services to his master, during his trading voyages to Africa, were afterwards so beneficial, that he gave him his freedom, and assisted him to commence business on his own account, by granting him credit to a considerable amount. Speaking the Houma, Eyo, and French languages, his business (that of a slave merchant) became very extensive; and he soon outstripped his com-

petitors in wealth and influence, which, as these increased, his dwelling was enlarged, the number of his wives and domestics augmented, and his whole establishment assumed something of a royal form. His house contains upwards of thirty apartments, and his seraglio nearly as many wives; and the whole is surrounded by a high mud wall, which encloses an area of about ten statute acres. His furniture is a mixture of French and African; for, although he is ostentatious in the display of his European finery, his taste is pure African. He dresses as an European; and his *déshabillé* and *dînés* are quite à la mode de Français, of which a number of French officers are constant partakers, Monsieur Pierre sitting at the head, and performing the honours of the table. At his back are arranged a number of his youngest wives, who wait upon him exclusively, and place before him those dishes adapted to his taste; which consist of vegetables, fish, and animal food, highly seasoned, well buttered with palm oil, and wherein potash is mixed in lieu of salt, and which seasoning is very commonly used as a substitute for salt by the natives of Ardrah, Housa, and Eyo. His wives tasted each dish in his presence, and before it was placed on the table; a precaution he is in the constant habit of having performed by them, in order to deter them from mixing any thing in his food of a deleterious quality. Silver forks are appendages of his table; and I was often amused at the dexterity he displayed in their use, although he sometimes forgot himself, and thrust his black paw into the dish, instead of the fork, which disconcerted him for the moment, as it generally excited among his European guests a hearty laugh at his expense, which he by no means relished. Had one of his wives or domestics relaxed a muscle of their face on such an occasion, their liberty would, in all probability, have been forfeited for the offence. He is a man of naturally quick parts, but combined with a savage disposition, which neither education, nor a constant intercourse with Europeans, has at all ameliorated; and the acquisition of considerable property has operated upon him in the same manner as we often perceive it does on the low and vulgar, in civilized countries; by rendering them arrogant, despotic, and overbearing, and who, if they had the same power as this African savage, would probably sacrifice, with as little remorse, the liberties, and even the lives of human beings, who might become objects of their suspicion or resentment.

"Monsieur Pierre is naturally avaricious; the increase of his wealth therefore created an increased desire to secure it. He caused a considerable excavation to be made under one of the interior apartments of his dwelling, by a number of his domestic slaves, by whom, and his confidential females, the secret only was known; and to secure the secret still further, he had the poor fellows who made the excavation put into sacks, and conveyed to the sea side by a number of Pantee canoe men, who afterwards took them on board of a French ship, then on the point of sailing for the West-Indies.

"He gave (a little before I went to Ardrah) a proof of the ferocity of his disposition, by ordering the keeper of his slaves to be beheaded for having allowed two of them to escape; and the headless trunk of his body, I saw tied up in a mat, and lying exposed in a hole, from which clay has been taken, and

very near the gate which led to his dwelling. Among his European acquisitions, that of blowing the French horn was his favourite, as he generally gave a few flourishes upon it every evening, especially, when any traders belonging to Hio had arrived from that kingdom, before whom he was very proud of exhibiting his skill. He is an excellent player at billiards, and has a large billiard-table placed in a room built expressly for the purpose, the walls of which are mud lined with split bamboo, over which a fine paper is ingeniously placed; and against it, there hang several portraits of the various members of the Bourbon family. Elegant sofas and chairs complete the furniture of the apartment."

The kings of other nations are not more formidable nor more ostentatious. At Benin, however, there is an exception. "It is the practice (Captain A. tells us) for masters of vessels to pay the king a visit soon after their arrival; and such a ceremony is seldom allowed to be dispensed with, as on these occasions the black monarch receives a handsome present, consisting of a piece of silk damask, a few yards of scarlet cloth, and some strings of coral. Soon after my arrival, therefore, and while my health yet permitted it, I got into my hammock, and at the end of the second day, I arrived at the capital of Benin.

"The course of the road from Gatto to the capital is about *xx*. by *x*, and the road passes over a country nearly level, intersected with deep woods and swamps; the distance I estimated to be about forty miles.

"The face of the country surrounding Benin bears much the same character as that of Ardrah and Grewhe, except that it is more thickly wooded. The town is large and populous, and contains probably 15,000 inhabitants; it is built very irregularly, the houses being placed without any regard to order, and detached; consequently occupying a large space of ground.

"The king of Benin is fetiche, and the principal object of adoration in his dominions. He occupies a higher post here than the pope does in catholic Europe; for he is not only God's vicegerent upon earth, but a god himself, whose subjects both obey and adore him as such, although I believe their adoration to arise rather from fear than love."

"King Bowarré, who is now about forty-five years of age, although he is supposed by his poor deluded subjects to have the attributes of a god (it being a very heinous crime for any of them to entertain an opinion that he, like other mortals, requires either food or sleep,) knew very well that white men, with all their ingenuity, required both; he therefore ordered his nephew's house to be prepared for my accommodation, and sent me a sheep, some fowls, yams and pumpkins.

"The day following my arrival, I had the honour of an interview with him; he received me with much politeness, particularly after the fine flashy piece of red silk damask, which I had brought with me as a present for him, had been unfolded. The conversation was carried on with the aid of the king's trader, who resides at Gatto, and who had accompanied me from thence to act as my linguist. Trade was the principal, indeed the only subject discussed; for king Bowarré, although he is both a god and a king, trades, nevertheless, in slaves and ivory.

"The king and his principal courtiers are ostentatious in their dress, wearing damask, taffety, and cuttance, after the country fashion. Coral is a very favourite ornament in the royal

seraglio, which is always well filled; and the women, like those of the Hoohe nation, wear a profusion of beads, if they can by any means obtain them."

"Human sacrifices are not so frequent here as in some parts of Africa; yet besides those immolated on the death of great men, three or four are annually sacrificed at the mouth of the river, as votive offerings to the sea, to direct vessels to bend their course to this horrid climate."

We reserve still enough for another interesting paper on African customs.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANTIQUITIES: ITALY. *Found of the Centre Column of the Roman Empire.* Rome, June 1.—Our antiquaries are quite enchanted with the discoveries which are making in the Forum, and they expect others of much greater importance in consequence of the excavations projected in the same place. The first millary column, the centre of the Roman empire, which has been so long sought after, is now found. The celebrated Abbé Fea, who directs these researches, and whose learned eye penetrates the accumulated ruins and earth which cover this theatre of ancient Roman magnificence, promises treasures to the lovers of antiquity. If, as it is said to be intended, the Forum should be entirely cleared, it would present a scene calculated to astonish the imagination.

France.—It is well known that Arles is one of the cities in France the richest in antiquities, and nothing is more celebrated than its Amphitheatre, which, notwithstanding its neglected state, still excites the admiration of all travellers who visit the South. It was very reasonably supposed that in its neighbourhood must be buried a great number of the statues, with which the Roman theatres were decorated. The magistrates have thought fit, for the sake of the Fine Arts, to have the ground turned up, and the following are some particulars of the result, which seem to be worth making known.

The strictest orders were given that the operations should be so carried on as not to injure the buildings on the spot that was to be explored. This made it necessary to keep at a distance of from four or five metres from the façade of the Theatre, which is probably rich in architecture. On the other hand, most of the houses are built on the part where the actors appeared, and where the fragments of the fine ornaments of the stage may be supposed to be buried. However, the trenches which have been opened in the street of the Old College, and which follow the direction of it, approach at length this interesting part of the edifice.

At the depth of three metres (about three yards,) masses of stone were found, which were recognised to be the circular steps that surrounded the orchestra; and one metre lower there was a sepulchral lamp. After these steps a pavement was discovered of white marble slightly veined with blue. In a second trench were found several pieces of Parian marble, among which were fragments of a fluted column, a detached piece of a Corinthian capital, and the left breast of a draped statue. At this point they dug to the depth of five metres and a half, that is to say, twenty-five centimetres below the ancient level of the Theatre.

The third trench has laid open a stone

bench fifty centimetres broad, covered with cement, and which seems to mark the separation of the proscenium and the orchestra. Towards the middle there was a bas-relief of white marble resting on a socle. The subject of this bas-relief is Apollo, seated, with his left arm resting on his lyre, having in his right hand the tripod which was consecrated to him at Delphi. On each of the projections to the left and right there is a laurel. In the lateral part, to the left, is Marsyas suspended by the arms to an oak, to which a double flute is also hanging; the sufferer is covered with a lion's skin fastened across the breast. The right of the bas-relief represents the young Scythian sharpening the instrument of the punishment commanded by the god of harmony. The following day, at a small distance, and just opposite, a very fine head of a statue was found, with the neck and part of the breast to the origin of the left arm attached. It is easy to see that both the marble and the workmanship are Greek. Except the mutilation of the nose, which is not irreparable, the whole is in an astonishing state of preservation. There is no emblem, no attribute to indicate the name of this beautiful statue; but the dignity of the countenance, the expression of the eyes and the mouth, the serene beauty of the features, lead to the supposition that it must represent the chaste Diana. It is hoped that the remainder of the body is not far off. This will be the third statue taken from the ruins of this ancient Theatre: that of Venus was found in 1652; that of Jupiter in 1788. It may be conjectured that these fine statues ornamented the stage. The head just found exceeds by 2½ lines the Venus of Arles.

Report on the Progress of the Mathematical Sciences, by M. Fourier.
[Concluded.]

In the number of important applications of mechanical theories, we have to mention a new process, extremely ingenious, for which we are indebted to M. de Prony, and which serves to measure the dynamic effect of rotatory machines; the treatise by M. Girard on the power of resistance of cylindrical cases; and the very singular work which the same author has just published, and which regards at once, hydraulics, the natural laws of great rivers, commerce, and industry.

The limits prescribed to this Report scarcely permit us to enumerate a series of mechanical or physical questions, interesting to civil society, on which government has consulted the Academy of Sciences. The Academy is anxious to second the views of government, and will always feel honoured by any demands of this nature which may be made upon it.

The first of these questions relates to the public use of carriages. It regards the prevention of the accidents which occur in consequence of their want of stability, whether those accidents result from a defective construction, from the imprudent placing of the luggage, from the excessive rapidity of travelling, or, finally, from the shape of the roads. The other questions respect the construction of lightning-conductors; the aræometric means which must be employed to measure with great accuracy the specific weight of liquids; and, finally, the use of machines moved by the force of steam, and the most proper securities to prevent fatal explosions.

All these questions were submitted to special committees, and underwent an elaborate

discussion. The Report respecting aræometers was made by M. Arago. M. Gay-Lussac drew up the instructions relative to the construction of lightning-conductors. To M. Dupin are due the three Reports relating to the stability of carriages. At the same time that he was occupying himself with the preparation of these Reports, M. Dupin continued to publish his "Mathematical Memoirs;" and his work having for its object to describe the arts, and the naval, military, and commercial establishments of Great Britain. In the opinion of geometers, and in that of many highly-distinguished writers; as well as in the honourable suffrages of foreigners, the author has found a recompense worthy of his exertions.

We have indicated the principal advantages which the exact sciences have acquired in a space of time comparatively short. It is sufficiently evident in this Notice that theory has never made any considerable progress without the immediate and multiplied application of it to practice. Even the most abstract sciences have become unexpectedly of sudden and sensible utility, and have been rendered available to the most common purposes. It is a theorem of Archimedes, which serves as the foundation for those aræometric assizes, necessary for the public administration and for individuals. The hydraulic press, which is now applied in all the arts, the immense power of which either compresses, or separates, or reduces to the most minute atoms the matter subjected to its operation, or forces colours through the thickness of united fabrics,—in one word, which is become in England of universal use, even that instrument is a corollary from the statics propounded by Pascal. Thus the Sciences, the first quality of which is doubtless to elevate and enlighten the mind, seem also to have been accorded to us in order to supply our weakness and the imperfection of our senses. We see man every where possessing himself of the forces of nature, and following up this his most noble conquest. He disposes at his pleasure of the gravity and the motion of the air and of the waters. He renders subservient to his wishes the elasticity of vapour, or rather that of the fire itself which penetrates and animates the universe, the perpetual and infinite cause of power and action. Is not this empire over the elements, and over all the powers of nature, one of the principal attributes of human reason, and the most striking evidence of the sublimity of its source?

Among the grand applications to practice of Mathematical science, we ought to place those which in France relate to the principal branches of the public service.

The Establishment, the object of which is to collect all documents interesting to the Marine, owes to Messrs. de Rosili and de Rosell a new activity, and that invariable and exact order which the great variety and importance of its acquisitions requires. In the management of this establishment all the advantages resulting from consummate experience, sagacity of views, and an enlightened theory, are fully experienced.

The analysis and investigation of these documents, and the improvement of the hydrographical methods of exploring coasts, were undertaken by Messrs. Bnache and Beauteaux-Beaupré. The methods alluded to have been brought to a degree of perfection that could scarcely have been expected. New modes of sounding have been employed; and the shapes of coasts, the position of rocks and shoals, in

short, every thing which can facilitate navigation, and become either a cause of danger or a cause of safety, has been examined, and described with numberless details.

These labours are extended every year to new parts of the sea-coast. They confirm the just reputation, and, without doing violence to truth, we may say the pre-eminence of the French Hydrographic School. Our vessels pursue these scientific researches in the Mediterranean, in the Black Sea, on the western coasts of Africa, on those of the Brazils, in the most distant oceans. The general Naval Depot collects all the results of these expeditions. France will never abandon the ancient and noble custom established by her monarchs and her statesmen, of gathering together and publishing, at a very heavy expense, maritime discoveries, the knowledge of which is advantageous to all countries.

In advertent to labours so beneficial to navigation, we cannot abstain from remarking what facilities these numerous applications of Spherical Geometry have derived from the extensive tables of logarithms, for which we are indebted to M. de Prony. Two powerful and enlightened Governments have declared their intention to unite in the publication of this work, which in exactness and extent far surpasses all that we have hitherto possessed on the subject. Science expects this publication as a new benefit.

The grand Geodesic operations which are carrying on in France, have also for their object to procure information advantageous to the administration of the state. We regret that the limits of this Discourse will not permit us to point out the origin and the successive advances of this vast enterprise, which several nations have imitated. Already the principal lines are determined with a rigorous precision which would seem to belong only to astronomical observations.

A general Map of France is thus preparing, all the parts of which have for their basis a collection of trigonometrical surveys, which is the only way to regulate and verify the public register of the measures of lands. A Special Commission established by Government, over which a Member of the Academy of Sciences presides, directs this beautiful work, which will form one of the most valuable acquisitions that a nation can possess.

These researches are extremely interesting to mathematical science, because they contribute to determine the exact figure of the earth. All enlightened Governments combine to favour any undertakings which have this knowledge for their object. A great work of this nature, which the British Government has entrusted to Colonel Lambton, a Correspondent of the Academy of Sciences, is carrying on this year in Hindostan. That excellent observer has just transmitted to us the results which he has obtained. He has deduced the elementary principle of them from the French metrical system, and they are obviously similar in their estimate to those which have been obtained in our climates. There is in them the same evidence of the flattening of the Earth, or excess of the diameter of the equator above the axis which passes through the poles. From a comparison of the measurements made in India and in Europe, it appears that this excess is equal to a three hundred and twelfth part of the polar axis,—an amount scarcely differing at all from that previously calculated. What ought to be considered as one of the most admirable effects of modern theories, is,

that exactly the same estimate of the flattening of the terrestrial globe has been deduced solely from observing the irregularities of the lunar motion.

The geodesic operations of France connect themselves with all those which have been undertaken in England, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, in Hanover, in Denmark, in Bavaria, in Austria, in Switzerland, and in Italy. The most skillful engineers of those countries, or French geographers themselves, have executed operations which combine, with those we have already described, to form an immense net-work of triangles. Thus has the same science extended its peaceable empire over the principal part of Europe.

While these great works were going on in France, and while she was exploring with so much diligence the coasts of the neighbouring seas, a scientific Expedition was traversing the other hemisphere. Captain Louis le Freyciset collected innumerable facts in a voyage already highly celebrated. An officer of the French navy, from the first mathematical school in Europe, M. Marestier, established in North America a new and powerful industry, so necessary to that vast continent, and which has become in a few years one of the chief elements of the public wealth. Two young travellers, Messrs. Cailliand and Letorace, grounded in the lessons of our astronomers, and furnished with the instruments and the modes of proceeding used in the Observatory at Paris, penetrated into Eastern Africa, more than five hundred leagues beyond the boundaries of Egypt and Nubia, discovered ancient monuments, and determined, by observations of the heavens, a multitude of geographical positions heretofore entirely unknown. Here, Gentlemen, we ought to cease to speak to you of the progress of astronomical geography; but we cannot forget that at the same time, and almost in the same countries, Messrs. Huoyot and Gau imposed upon themselves the most arduous labours, by which architecture, the arts, and the science of antiquities have been enriched.

The report concludes with a high eulogium on the exertions of the French savans and literati.

Erratum.—In the last Gazette, p. 426, 1st col. 6th line from the bottom, for "lines at," read "times its."

LITERATURE, &c.

ETYMOLOGY.

In a work on the origin of Runic writing, recently published at Copenhagen, the author, M. Buxdorf, traces the source of the Runic writing of the ancient Scandinavians in the Moesogothic alphabet of Ulphilas. M. Buttman, one of the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, has written a paper on the word *Minne*. He examines why the Argonauts were called *Minyæ*; and contends that that word was never the name of a people. According to him it designated a kind of mythological nobility, and was derived from the East. *Minus* is, among the Indians, the father of the human race. He appears again in Egypt, where he is called *Men*, or *Menas*. He is again seen in the *Minos* of the Cretans, the *Manes* of the Lydians, the *Manus* of the Germans, and in the word *Manes*. The same subject has engaged the attention of M. Neumann, of Göttingen, who however, in a sketch of the history of Crete, maintains that the resemblance in sound of the Indian *Minu* to the Cretan *Minos* is far from indicating any analogy between

the Institutions of India and of Crete, which in fact were essentially different. A brief Essay on the Celtic Language by Julius Leicklen, the Keeper of the Archives at Fribourg, and in which he examines the four words, *Briga*, *Magus*, *Durum*, and *Accum*, which form the termination of a number of Celtic nouns, concludes thus: "I am tired of always hearing the Romans quoted when the commencement of our civilization is spoken of; while nothing is said of our obligations to the Celts. It was not the Latins, it was the Gauls who were our first instructors."

Oxford, July 5.—The number of Regents in the Act of this year was seventeen Doctors, and one hundred and eighty-seven Masters of Arts.

Cambridge, July 4.—Tuesday last, being Commencement Day, the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—The Very Rev. W. Cockburn, Dean of York (*by proxy*); The Very Rev. T. Calvert, Norrison Professor of Divinity; Rev. W. Lowfield Fancourt, Master of St. Saviour's grammar school, Southwark; Rev. S. Bennett, Chaplain of the Penitentiary, Millbank, Westminster; and Rev. T. Phillips, Master of the Academy at Whitechurch, Herefordshire.

Doctors in Civil Law.—R. Wardell, Trinity Coll.; East G. Clayton, Caius College.

Doctor in Physic.—Courthorpe Sims, Trinity Coll. *Masters of Arts.*—C. Hatch, J. A. Roberts, E. Wilkins, W. B. Rennell, G. J. Dupuis, and J. Harding, King's College; T. Y. Ridley, St. Peter's Coll.; W. Hodson, J. Burdick, W. J. Farington, P. Le Grice, and W. Burroughes, Clare Hall; J. Commerell, A. S. Thelwall, S. Croft, J. Hodgson, R. Benson, L. Bowerbank, F. D. Lempiere, T. Airey, L. C. Humfrey, H. Coddington, F. Goode, H. Vicars, R. Lyon, J. C. Wigram, E. Williams, W. T. P. Brymer, A. Burmester, J. Ware, W. Paynter, H. Applebee, W. H. G. Mann, J. Overton, A. Barron, T. J. Bramly, J. S. Scholfeld, H. Waddington, T. Mercer, T. P. Platt, T. J. Crackelt, J. Sampson, W. Dodsworth, T. Austin, R. Sayer, C. Clarkson, T. C. Higgins, W. Wyvill, G. Hibbert, T. Sheepshanks, J. Barlow, C. Hall, J. D. Glennie, H. J. Shepherd, and J. Bailey, Trinity College; T. E. Briarly, J. Jones, J. H. Mules, J. Matthews, W. Maddy, H. Law, C. Heberden, C. Jenyns, J. Loxdale, S. Clayton, H. T. Thompson, W. Plucknett, T. Spencer, C. Inge, W. Thresher, W. G. Pitt, G. Coke, T. T. Harrison, R. Andrews, J. D. Parham, J. Littlewood, J. M. Parry, and J. Hutchinson, John's College; W. G. Broughton, F. Bedford, R. Fallowfield, C. H. Hodgson, J. B. Desne, E. H. Maltby, J. Ram, Pembroke Hall; E. B. Shaw, H. Bolton, A. P. Kelly, R. Cobb, J. Mac Arthur, and R. Cobbold, Caius College; W. F. Drake, E. Winder, and P. Francis, Corpus Christi College; T. Durham, G. Darby, J. Eastwick, E. Harrison, and R. Atkinson, Catharine Hall; M. Camidge, E. Wilton, J. Jowett, T. R. Welch, W. Green, and E. D. Butts, Queen's College; J. Gedge, J. Bulwer, C. Lane, C. Grova, C. Forge, J. C. Powell, and E. I. Lockwood, Jesus College; E. Woolnough, E. Roys, J. Sevier, W. T. Blackburne, T. B. Pooley, and T. May, Christ College; W. H. Shelford, H. Fielding, H. Hickman, H. J. Wharton, J. Agnew, and J. Lafont, Emmanuel College; P. F. Clay, and C. J. Orman, Sidney College; T. Lane, Magdalene College.

At a Congregation on Saturday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Physic.—H. Atcheson, Jesus Coll. *Bachelors of Arts.*—R. Proctor, St. John's Coll.; S. Bull, and W. Coward, Pembroke Hall; E. J. Bacon, Caius College.

The following gentlemen were on Monday last admitted to Degrees:

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. F. C. Winscom, Trinity College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—W. E. Burnaby, Trinity Hall; W. Gooch, Clare Hall.

At a Congregation yesterday, the following gentlemen were admitted Masters of Arts:—Rev. J. A. Ross, Trinity College; Rev. J. Milner, Catharine Hall; J. Midgley, Magdalene College.

FINE ARTS.

PUBLICATIONS OF ART.

Illustrations of the Works of Washington Irving, Esq.

MR. MURRAY has, this season, published an unusual number of these fine illustrations of books, thus combining the beauties of Art with the attractions of Literature in a way which has not of late years been very prevalent. Among the causes of the disunion, we may mention the great expense of such embellishments, and still more the delays which the procrastination of artists too frequently occasioned. The latter evil induced book-sellers to do without their assistance altogether, or to employ labours of an inferior style: thus crudities or lithography came to be substituted for finish and copperplate; and the refinements of the burin yielded to the facilities of scraping, wood, or stone.

The Engravings before us are of a high character, and renew our acquaintance with the truly admirable in Art. A fine frontispiece portrait of the best writer in polite literature which America has produced, does credit to the pencil of G. S. Newton, and the needle of E. Scriven. It is followed by ten designs by Leslie, and engraved by C. Heath, C. Rolis, J. Romney, W. and E. Finden, and A. W. Warren, from various parts of the Sketch Book and Knickerbocker's History, all of which are honourable to the state of our National School. Rip Van Winkle is an exceedingly clever and characteristic subject—his dog exquisite—and the engraving by Rolls doing justice to the conception of the painter. The legend of the Sleepy Hollow is equally humorous, and still better engraved by the same hand. Winter van Twiller deciding the lawsuit (the only piece drawn by W. Allston) is inclined to the caricature, and there are some slight flaws in our copy of the plate. The Dutch Fire Side is a delightful engraving, by W. Finden, in which a mastery of light and shadow is displayed—a very Rembrandt on copper; and the Dutch Courtship, C. Rolis, is a worthy companion to it, both in design and execution. Antony Von Corlear setting off for the wars (A. W. Warren) completes a triad of as entertaining prints as could adorn any entertaining story. W. Kieft's New Punishment is clever, but not so much to our taste: the sentimental subjects have nothing remarkable; and the conclusion "Peter Stuyvesant rebuking the Cobbler," is most commendable for character. Upon the whole, nothing more worthy of the author could have been produced; and Mr. Leslie has fortunately linked his name for posterity to that of Washington Irving. The plates are about 3 inches by 2½, suitable to bind with the works.

No. 1, *Northern Scenery, illustrations of a Tour through Norway, &c.* By A. De Capell Brooke. Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding. Rodwell & Martin.

About a month or six weeks ago we reviewed the publication these lithographic drawings

are intended to illustrate. We found in it much to gratify us, and are not sorry to receive the additional pleasure of these visible representations of extraordinary scenery. They are five in number, and convey very sufficient ideas of the places to which they refer, though there is a faintness in parts which renders commingling objects (such as water and sky, sky and distance) indistinct. This remark applies to the first two pieces in particular: the last three are better impressed.

The Beauties of Cambria. Engraved on Wood by H. Hughes. Six Parts published, each Part containing ten Engravings.

The cheap price of a Work like this is its chief recommendation; for in truth the medium is not suitable to the scenes. Wood does not seem to bear the laboured minuteness of all the variety of landscape. Its lights are the same upon tree-leaves and waterfalls; and its shadows fall alike on every object. Still, however, these performances afford fair means for estimating the nature and character of Welsh scenery, and, especially where buildings or ruins are given, display considerable merit. Some of the incidents introduced are of a disagreeable and discordant cast; but altogether, the publication deserves and is likely to find encouragement in the country to which it is devoted.

Canova: Outlines by Moses. Part 8.

This part, which appeared last week, has two farther engravings from the story of Socrates, the two *Athletæ* (noticed in our last) in other points of view, and *Cupid and Psyche*. The latter alone demands a word. It is an attempt to realize the divine attributes of the mythological *Psyche*, and the earthly attributes of *Love*. To accomplish this, the female figure is the tallest and most erect; the male less firm and more dependent. The idea so far is good: but the heavenly nature is draped, the mundane nude,—thus entirely reversing the ideal of their respective purity and inferiority.

THE ENGLISH ACADEMY IN ROME.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I beg leave; through the medium of your widely-circulated Journal, to call the attention of the British public to the establishment of a permanent Drawing-School, or Academy, in Rome, for the exclusive benefit of British Artists. It appears that the attempt has been made on a small scale, and the subscriptions, so honourable to our countrymen, have been duly appreciated. A commencement so flattering to the feelings of the Students, and so creditable to public taste, will, I trust, be followed up by further contributions, that an Academy may be established on a scale adequate to the wishes and hopes of all concerned.

The recent sale of pictures by modern Artists was very properly noticed in your last Number, and the prices obtained on that occasion will stimulate our countrymen to renewed exertion; and we shall remove from the minds of many aspiring Artists that uncomfortable suspicion, which some persons have erroneously entertained, that only the *old foreign Masters* are entitled to places in our first Galleries.

A considerable sum of money might be procured, if the heads or directors of Drawing Academies in London, and particularly the members of the ROYAL ACADEMY at Somerset House, would consider it indispensably necessary to the success of the profession, that each

Student be required to pay the sum of TWENTY SHILLINGS towards the Establishment in Rome, on his introduction as a Student. This tax, if tax it can be termed, would yield a regular and a very considerable sum towards defraying the expense of an extensive Building, with statues, busts, prints, and (what I consider of great consequence) a well-selected Library. I shall be proud to assist in this laudable plan; and allow me to observe, it is in the power of the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* to give a stimulus to my suggestions. Should any of your readers feel disposed to meet my views, and will take the trouble to communicate their thoughts through the medium of your Journal, and name a place where any contributions can be received for the establishment of a Library, I shall be most happy to supply my portion without delay. As an Englishman, I feel for the honour and laudable ambition of my countrymen, and cannot sit down quietly without witnessing the establishment of an English Academy in Rome, equal, if not superior to that of any other country. You will probably smile at my remarks; but believe me, Sir, I speak the sentiments of thousands like myself, who, although no Artists, are sufficiently alive to works of taste to come forward and support them to the utmost possible extent.

A CONSTANT READER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

GLENCOE.

Lay by the harp, sing not that song,
Though very sweet it be;
It is a song of other years,
Unfit for thee and me.

Thy head is pillowed on my arm,
Thy heart beats close to mine;
Methinks it were unjust to heaven,
If we should now repine.

I must not weep, you must not sing
That thrilling song again,—
I dare not think upon the time
When last I heard that strain.

It was a silent summer eve:

We stood by the hill side,
And we could see my ship afar
Breasting the ocean tide.

Around us grew the graceful larch,
A calm blue sky above,
Beneath were little cottages,
The homes of peace and love.

Thy harp was by thee then, as now,
One hand in mine was laid,
The other, wandering 'mid the chords,
A soothing music made;

Just two or three sweet chords, that seemed
An echo of thy tone,—
The cushat's song was on the wind
And mingled with thine own.

I looked upon the vale beneath,
I looked on thy sweet face,
I thought how dear, this voyage o'er,
Would be my resting place.

We parted; but I kept thy kiss,—
Thy last one,—and its sigh—
As safely as the stars are kept
In yonder azure sky.

Again I stood by that hill side,
And scarce I knew the place,
For fire, and blood, and death, had left
On every thing their trace.

The lake was covered o'er with weeds,

Choked was our little rill,
There was no sign of corn or grass,

The cushat's song was still;
Borne to the dust, an ashy heap

Was every cottage round,
I listened, but I could not hear
One single human sound;

I spoke, and only my own words
Were echoed from the hill;
I sat me down to weep, and curse
The hand that wrought this ill.

We met again by miracle:
Thou wert another one,
Saved from this work of sin and death,—
I was not quite alone.

And then I heard the evil tale
Of guilt and suffering,
Till I prayed the curse of God might fall
On the false-hearted king.

I will not think on this,—for thou
Art saved, and saved for me!
And gallantly my little bark
Cuts through the moonlight sea.

There's not a shadow in the sky;
The waves are bright below,
I must not, on so sweet a night,
Think upon dark Glencoe.

If thought were vengeance, then its thought?
A ceaseless fire should be,
Burning by day, burning by night,
Kept like a thought of thee.

But I am powerless and must flee,
That e'er a time should come,
When we should shun our own sweet land,
And seek another home!

This must not be,—you soft moonlight
Falls on my heart like balm,
The waves are still, the air is hushed,
And I too will be calm.

Away! we seek another land
Of hope, stars, flowers, sunshine;
I shall forget the dark green hills
Of that which once was mine!

Of that which once was mine! L. E. L.

To the Editor.—Having lately seen with admiration

the fine picture of *Robbers*, representing the death of

Hippolytus, in the British Gallery, I made a translation

of the passage in *Racine* descriptive of that event, which,

should you think it worthy a place in your valuable

Publication, is much at your service.—I enclose also

another translation of the same subject, presented to

me the other day by a French gentleman, who assured

me he understood the English language perfectly well.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
July 2, 1832. M. E.

DEATH OF HIPPOLYTUS.

With mighty waves, along the liquid plain,
Arose a wat'ry mountain from the main;

Onward it comes—it bursts—and to our sight
Gives forth a hideous monster to the light.

Tremendous horns his ample forehead crown'd;
And scales of livid blue his body bound;

Fierce as a bull or dragon urg'd to war,
His tail in writhed columns roll'd afar;

His yell resounds along the startled shore,
And Heaven trembles at the fearful roar.

Earth shakes,—the air is with his breath oppress'd,
The waves recoil, that bore him on their breast!

All shriek, all fly, with terror for their guide,
And in the temple from his fury hide.

Undaunted, still HIPPOLYTUS remains,
His jav'line seizes and his steeds restrains;

With steady arm he aims a deadly blow,
And his sure arrow wounds the horrid foe.

The Heavens re-echo with the monster's cries,
As prone before the coursers' feet he lies.

In struggles fierce his agony proclaims,
Wrapt in dark clouds of smoke, of blood and flames.

Now terror seizes on the startled steeds,
Nor rein nor voice their furious way impedes;
Vainly their master's efforts are applied,
Their bits with sheets of bloody foam are dyed.
'Twas said, amidst the terror of that night,
Some god was seen to urge their rapid flight.
Along the rocks they rush with frantic force,
HIPPOLYTUS still checks, in vain, their course;
The axle groans—the chariot wheels give way—
Dash'd in the dust the glittering fragments lay.
Entangled in the reins, the hero falls!
I saw him drag'd—oh gods!—in vain he calls!
His well-known voice increases but their dread,
They drag him on—they whom his hands have fed!
They fly—one wound his beautiful form appears!
Our cries, our frantic cries, each echo hears.

At length their fatal fury meets its close,
There, where his kingly line in dust repose,
Forward we sped, conducted by the stuns
His blood had left along those hateful plains.
Along those rocks; and where each rugged thorn
Bore crimson relics of his tresses torn,
I came—received his last, his parting breath,
One look he cast, then closed his eyes in death!
July 1, 1823.

Translated into English by a French Gentleman.

On the back of the liquid plain set,
Arose with great bubbles a mountain of wet!
It approaches—it breaks—it is sick in our eyes—
And in foam makes a furious monster arise.
With menacing horns on his forehead he sails,
All his body is covered with yellowish scales;
Bull not-to-be-conquered!—impetuous dragon!
His tail in a thousand long twists does he wag on.
With his horrible roaring he startles the borders;
Heaven aghast with affright all the monster's disorders,
The Earth is uneasy—the air is infected—
The waves, which had brought him, their burthen
rejected.

All fly—and unarmed with a courage in vain!
In a neighbouring temple seek shelter to gain.
The hero HIPPOLYTUS, worthy his Sire,
Stops his horses, and seizes his lances in ire,
He pushes the monster, and with a sure dart
He makes a large wound in the hindmost part.
With fury and torment, the Monster, thus bored,
At the feet of the horses both tumbled and roar'd.
He roll'd, and his throat, which was ready to choke,
Soon covered them over with fire, blood and smoke.

Fear carries them onward, and, deaf as a post,
Their knowledge of bridles and voices was lost;
Their master endeavours to stop them in vain,
They redder their bits by the foam that they gain.
They say that they saw in this frightful uproar
A god, who with spurs came their haunches to gore,
Across all the rocks full of terror precipit.
The axle-tree cries and is broke. The intrepid
HIPPOLYTUS sees all his car broke to pieces:
Entangled, himself he has fall'n mid the traces!
My Lord, I beheld how your ill-omened son
Was drawn by the horses himself taught to ran!
He wished to recal them, his voice gives them
fright—

They run—and he soon is in piteous plight.
With our dolorous cries all the plain echoes round,
Their impetuous fury at length knows a bound,
They stop there not far from those tombs all so cold
Where the relics remain of his ancestors cold.
I run and I sigh, and his guards they all follow;
I arrive, and to find him his name loud I hallo:
He holds out his hand, and he opens his eyes,
Which he looks with, and shuts on a sudden, and

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

On the Prejudices and superstitious Ideas of the
Peasants of that part of Livonia called Lett-
land (Lettonia.)

(A Letter from Count Bray, Minister from the
King of Bavaria at St. Petersburg.)
At the return of spring, the Lettonian peasant
takes care not to expose himself to hear
the cuckoo for the first time, either when he
is fasting or has no money in his pocket. If
this should happen to him, he would believe
himself in danger of famine and want for the
rest of the year. This is what he calls being
bewitched by the cuckoo; he therefore is very
guarded to have money about him, and to
eat something very early in the morning be-
fore he leaves his house. He has the same
fears, and takes the same precautions, on the
first arrival of the lapwing.

When a hare or a fox crosses his path, he
considers it as a bad omen; but if it is a
wolf, the omen is favourable.

When the Lettonian peasant has taken his
fowling piece, and on going out of his house
the first person he meets is a woman or a girl,
it is a bad sign, and he will have no
sport; he therefore retrains, and does not
proceed till, on going out again, the first he
meets is a man or a boy. If he goes out fish-
ing alone, he does not communicate his in-
tention to any body, as that would bring him
ill luck. It is only when he wants an assistant
that another person, besides the latter,
may be informed of it without doing any
harm. If he is angling, and having laid his
line on the ground somebody treads upon it,
he is convinced that he shall never catch any
thing with that line.

The peasant does not allow any person to
admire or praise any thing he possesses, es-
pecially his flocks, his poultry, his corn, &c.;
he is convinced that every thing so praised
will perish.

If his cattle are affected by any disease,
he does not fail to attribute it to the witchcraft
and malevolence of some neighbour: he then
takes care to perfume his stables with assa-
foetida.

Their hives are usually placed on the largest
trees in the forest, or they make holes in
those trees where the bees have settled of
themselves. They always take a companion to
gather the honey, and they divide the
honey and wax with the most scrupulous
equality, being convinced that the slightest
fraud would cause the bees to emigrate or
to die.

They ascribe a particular virtue to all plants
gathered on Midsummer Eve, for which reason
they carefully preserve them, to give to their
cattle in case of sickness. Before Midsummer
they pluck up all the grass which they give
to their cattle in the stable: they are per-
suaded that if it were cut with a scythe it
would make the cows lose their milk. After
Midsummer Eve they use the scythe without
fear or scruple. On this same Eve, which is
more important to them than the holiday
itself, no family neglects to bring from the
garden and the fields a stock of pot-herbs
for the winter.

When they happen to find in a field ripe
ears of corn crossed in a particular manner,
or united in bunches, they ascribe it to the
malevolence of some envious person, who has
endeavoured to draw some sorcery upon their
crop. The reaper takes care not to touch
such bewitched ears, and passes without cut-
ting them.

A great number of the peasants, unfortu-
nately, still entertain the superstitious notion
that fire kindled by lightning is not to be ex-
tinguished. When such an accident happens
they are discouraged, and do hardly any thing
to check the progress of the flames.

A funeral must never pass through a tiled
field, not even in winter, though it might
considerably shorten the way. The peasant
is fully persuaded that a field through which
a funeral has passed becomes barren.

Except on extraordinary occasions, no fun-
erals are allowed on Mondays and Fridays.

A peasant who is in search of a wife, never
goes, except on a Thursday or Sunday, into
the house where he expects to make his choice.
The bride and bridegroom are not to give their
bare hand to any body, on the day of their
marriage, except to each other at the altar;
otherwise they are threatened with poverty
during the whole course of their union. It is
also a very bad sign if, when the bride returns
from church, she finds any body on the
threshold of her door.

When a young girl finds a leaf of trefoil
divided into four instead of three parts, it is
a sign that she will be married within the
year; at all events she carefully preserves
this leaf till her wedding-day.

If on the 1st of February the sun shines
only so long as is necessary to saddle a horse,
they expect fine weather for hay-making.

On Christmas Eve the countrymen are ac-
customed to drive about a great deal in
sledges; they think that this will cause their
kemp to be more abundant, and higher: they
do not fail to visit the alehouse, and to drink
heartily, the same evening, being convinced
that this is a way to make them look well till
the following Christmas.

In summers when flies are abundant, they
expect an ample crop of buck wheat; and if
the *prunus padus* is thickly covered with
blossoms, they expect a very rainy summer.

The Lettonians never destroy crickets by
fire, being persuaded that those which escape
will destroy their linen and clothes.

When a peasant loses his way in a wood
after sunset, he avoids calling any person to
show him the way, being convinced that in
that case the evil spirit of the forest would
cause him to plunge still deeper into its re-
cesses.

When the peasants intend to build a house,
they carefully observe what species of ant
first appears on the spot, or seems to be
common in the neighbourhood: if it is the
common large ant (*formica rufa*, Linn.) or
the black ant, they build without difficulty;
but if it is the little red ant (*formica rubra*,
Linn.) they choose another place.

(The Superstitions of the Esthonian in our next.)

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 2, 1823.

(The Story of Ninette concluded.)

THE desire of the young admirers was not
long opposed. La Fillon demanded only, as
the price of her compliance with the wishes
of the demoiselle, that she should be informed
of all the movements of the young diplomat.
Ninette, who knew not the importance of the
intimacy, promised and kept her word. The
intimacy continued regular and ardent during
two months. Don Velasquez, increasingly
charmed by his fair captive, seldom missed
his opportunity; he arrived about midnight,
and departed before daylight by a door in
the garden, of which he possessed the key.

One evening he arrived as early as nine
o'clock, and without being less tender, he

had a melancholy and distracted air. Ninette was alarmed; her inquiries were answered by caresses and by mysterious words, which she remembered without being able to comprehend. The night advanced; he asked for paper to write a note, and when it was finished he desired Ninette to address it to *S. A. R. Mad. la Duchesse du Maine à Sceaux*. Instantly he rose, concealed the note in the folds of his cravat, embraced tenderly his friend, and rushed from her arms. She flew after him through the garden, but could not reach him before he had mounted a *chaise de poste*, in which she saw another person. *Route d'Orléans*, the orders given to the postillion, were the only and the last sounds which she ever heard from his lips.

In tumult and despair Ninette awoke her protector, and told her all that had passed. La Fillon rose in haste, flew to the hotel of the Cardinal Dubois, and without informing how she had obtained her intelligence, apprized him of the events which her harem had so recently witnessed. The circumstances confirmed suspicions which the *sacred* Minister had already entertained. Couriers were despatched on the road to Spain. Don Velasquez and the Abbé Porto Carrero were arrested at Poitiers; the persons and papers were searched, the conspiracy was discovered, and the son of Mad^e. Montespan lost the regency, because the Cardinal had the wit to entrust the police of the kingdom to his *filles de joie*, and because a young lover could not quit Paris without a last embrace of his mistress. On what slender threads are the destinies of empires suspended!

"The greater number of women know no other perfidy but that which love suggests. The Cardinal determined to recompense Ninette for the service she had rendered the Government, but she refused the reward of a treason which her heart disavowed; and when she learnt that she had been the innocent cause of the ruin of Don Velasquez, whom she passionately loved, she resolved to abandon her present course, and return to privacy and to virtue. From the very bosom of corruption she rose, and retired to find, in the sentiment of her shame, the energy to escape from infamy. The very day on which she had been presented by the Cardinal Dubois to the Regent, she left the harem of La Fillon by the garden gate, of which Don Velasquez had left the key, and took refuge in the Penitentiary which Mad^e. de Beauharnais Miramont had founded at the close of the seventeenth century, under the name of *Sainte Pelagie*.

"The venerable Ecclesiastic who superintended that pious establishment, himself the model of apostolic virtue, received with kindness the young penitent, raised her above despair, and talked to her of her beauty, and her charms, in order to increase in her own estimation the value of the sacrifice she voluntarily made. Accustomed to read the human heart, he soon perceived that the beautiful Ninette, in indulging the emotions of a religious affection, only sought to modify the natural feelings by which she was agitated. She wished to take the veil; he dissuaded her from a purpose conceived by a troubled, and not a calm and enlightened soul. His tender exhortations triumphed over her passions, and she left the asylum to return to Yvetot, where her beauty and her grace vanquished all suspicion, and closed the mouth even of envy itself.

"A young descendant of the Lord of the

country loved Ninette, and in spite of a confidential disclosure of the scenes of her past life, he wished to make her his wife. They were married, and *la fille de bonne volonté* became the most faithful of wives and the most tender of mothers. The *retreat*, opened *aux filles de bonne volonté* by Mad^e. de Beauharnais Miramont, in which another Mad^e. de Beauharnais was imprisoned in the reign of terror, is now a prison for debtors, for vagabonds, for men of letters; and it is within its walls that this history of Ninette has been composed.

Spain continues to furnish employment not only for our soldiers, contractors, and financiers, but also for our scribes, printers, and publishers. M. Bory St. Vincent, *Correspondant* of several Academies of Science, one of the superior Officers formerly attached to the *dépôts de la guerre*, and Aide-du-Camp to Marshal Soult in the Spanish war from 1808 to 1813, has published, in a thick 8vo volume, accompanied by two splendid maps, the *Guide du Voyageur en Espagne*. M. Bory has rectified sundry geographical errors which occur in the works both of Spanish and French authors, and given, in a small compass, a great deal of topographical and statistical information. Those persons who have not M. de la Borde's heavy work on that interesting country, may be well satisfied with the smaller and more accessible production of one who has had the best opportunities of obtaining local and political information.

The *Galerie Espagnole*, or Notices of the most distinguished Members of the Cortes of the Royalist Government, of the Guerilla Bands, and of the *Armée de la Foi*, has also been very opportunely brought out. It contains about 130 notices of men of all parties, and is written with correctness, and a very commendable impartiality as to facts and characters, though the author's opinions appear to be in favour of the Cortes. There are names not included in the *Galerie* which certainly ought to have found a place there; but it is probable the author feared to increase the bulk of his volume, and reserves them for another part. I will give some extracts in my next. We have, in addition to these graver publications, *Mes Reminiscences de l'Espagne*, a rapid sketch of the manners and usages of those countries, tactics of Guerillas and Miquelets, and anecdotes of the brigands of the Peninsula, by *la petit diable Boiteux de la Vieille Castile*.

"Dans ces climats brûlants, dans ces rochers sauvages
Dont les flancs sont noircis par l'océan des âges;
L'homme stoïque et fier, courageux par orgueil,
Regarde avec dédain la vie où le cerceau."

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Monday, an "Operatic Comedy," from the pen of Mr. Kenny, enlivened the walls of the Little Theatre. An operatic comedy is a comic opera; and this, entitled *Sweethearts and Wives*, is of the right genus for the Haymarket—pretty music, liveliness bordering on farce, and Terry in all his humour, and Chester and Vestris in all their charms, and Liston in all his glory. In short the thing is a capital hit, and will fill the house throughout the season with laughing audiences. The story is, simply this: Admiral Franklin (Terry) intends his son Charles (Vining) to wed his cousin Laura (Vestris); but old gentlemen propose, and young folks dispose—

Mr. Charles has privately married Eugenia (Miss Chester,) and Miss Laura has formed a love affair with Sandford (Mr. Davis.) Of course the criminals are afraid of the Admiral's wrath when the discovery shall be made; and what adds much to the comique, Charles and Laura are mutually shocked at the idea of shocking each other. An under story introduces Curtis, Sandford's Valet (Williams;) the Widow Bell (Mrs. C. Jones) an innkeeper at Southampton, where the scene is laid; Susan, her chambermaid (Miss Love;) and Billy Lackaday, a foundling, or *fondling* as he styles himself, brought up in the house, and acting the part of a mongrel waiter. Billy, whom we need hardly say is represented by Liston, is a sentimentalist of the most ignorant and vulgar cast. He reads novels, and affects the heroic as well as the amatory and pathetic. He falls in love with Eugenia, who is disguised as Mrs. Bell's niece in order to win the affections of the Admiral, and he slights his former sweetheart, Susan, who persecutes him for breach of promise and abandoned vows. After the embarrassments consequent upon the state of parties we have described, and which do not keep the audience long in suspense, it may readily be surmised that the denouement unites Laura and Sandford, sanctions the union of Eugenia and Charles, consigns Billy to Susan, and, to complete the pairing system, even links old Curtis (who, though Billy is a natural child, turns out to be his unnatural papa) to Mrs. Bell. The piece is admirably sustained by the leading actors. Liston in Billy is irresistibly ludicrous; and whether he protests against being treated as a *mineral* servant, or makes lackadaisical love to Eugenia, or affects the romantic, or repels the fond Susan, or chants his own melancholy ditty, he is quite unique in his black jane pantaloons and straight lanky hair. The following song was encoored with prodigious merriment:

Sure mortal man was born to sorrow,
Grief to-day and grief to-morrow;
Here I'm snubb'd and there I'm rated,
Ne'er was youth so aggravated.
There's Mrs. Bell swears none shall trick her;
And if I steal a nose in liquor,
For every drop I take she charges,
And our small ale's as sour as wages.
Lackaday, oh, Lackaday,
Pity Billy Lackaday.
Poor Susan scolds, and when I've heard her yell,
I dream all night of love and murder yell.
I sigh, I groan, like any paviour;
Forgetting all genteel behaviour.
Miss Fanny she has undone me,
Like any queen looks down upon me;
And when I kneels to ask for mercy,
It does no good, but wies wrong.
Lackaday, oh, Lackaday,

Terry's excellence in the gouty old Admiral is another of the main props of the Opera; Vining wants the elasticity of Jones, and rather bustles through than enriches his character; Mr. Davis sings sweetly when he will, but timidity seems to prevent his making the best use of his powers either as a singer or performer. With a fine person, handsome countenance, and good voice, he ought to produce greater effect than he does, and evidently can produce. Williams does the possible for the part of Curtis. To the ladies, too, much applause is due. Madame Vestris has nothing to do, which is not in unison with her accomplishments. Her acting is playful, and her songs beautiful, especially the annexed,

to which she does great justice by the sweet simplicity of her style:

Why are you wandering here, I pray?

An old man said a maid one day;

Looking for poppies so bright and red,

Father, said she, I'm hither led.

Fie, fie!

She heard him cry,

Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,

Grow in the fields, and not the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,

Why are you loitering here, fair maid?

The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,

Father, said she, I came to hear,

Fie, fie!

She heard him cry,

Nightingales all—so people say,

Warble by night, and not by day.

The sage look'd grave; the maiden shy,

When Lubin jump'd over the stile hard by;

The sage look'd graver, the maid more glum,

Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.

Fie, fie!

The old man's cry,

Poppies like this, I own are rare,

And of such nightingale's songs beware.

Miss Chester is also seen to great advantage, and where the interest grows in the last scenes, displays talents of a very superior order. Mrs. C. Jones makes a capital Hostess, and Miss Love a pert and impudent Chambermaid. The music, by Whittaker, Nathan, T. Cooke, and Perry, is (as we have stated) generally pretty; but the second-named composer needed not to have been afraid that the fine selection from Mozart, which forms the Overture, could have been mistaken for his. The preliminary warning on this point was truly burlesque, especially when the opening was so well known.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Saturday, Miss Louisa Dance, (sister of the lady who appeared with so fair a share of approbation in the first line of tragedy at Covent Garden,) made her debut as Susanna, in the *Marriage of Figaro*. The house was brilliantly filled, and the performances altogether went off with eclat. Miss L. Dance acted in a lady-like manner; has a fine figure and countenance for the stage, and sang with science and taste. We presume, however, that her voice is still susceptible of greater cultivation, for at present the lower notes are far from perfect, and there is a break between them and the upper notes which has an unpleasant effect. Mrs. Austin was the Comtesse, and Miss Kelly the Page, and these and the other parts were well filled.

On Wednesday Miss D. took another part without diminishing her estimation; and a Mr. Rayner has appeared in the line made so difficult by the natural manner of poor Emery.

Mr. W. Chapman has won golden opinions in *Crask*: a rare thing with those who do not forget the inimitable Munden, whom so many actors nevertheless imitate. The Managers deserve praise for their exertions; several new appearances, including Mr. Wallack and Miss A. Kelly, are advertised.

Our principal Actors are all abroad throughout the provinces: Macready at Birmingham, Newcastle, &c.; Kean at Guildford, Swansea, and Liverpool; Miss F. H. Kelly, Edinburgh and the Northern tour; Miss M. Tree at Dublin, &c. &c.

VARIETIES.

INTERESTING extracts of a letter from this enterprising Traveller have been given in the *Cambridge Chronicle*: they develop his progress in a design with the nature of which he acquainted us before he left England; and we cordially rejoice to learn that his prospects are so auspicious. The letter is dated Fez, May 6.

In the short letter I wrote to you from Tangier, dated the 10th of April, I informed you that I had gained permission from his Majesty the Emperor of Morocco, to enter his country as far as Fez, and that I had great hopes of obtaining his permission to penetrate further south. I have now great pleasure in acquainting you, my dear friend, of my safe arrival at Fez, after having been detained at Tangier till a letter had been forwarded, from Mr. Douglas, his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Tangier, to the Minister at Fez, to obtain permission from the Emperor for me to approach his capital. As soon as a favourable answer was received, we started for this place, and in ten days arrived here in safety with my better half, who, having succeeded in persuading me to take her as far as Tangier, has also enforced her influence to proceed to Fez; but this, though much against her will, must be her 'Non plus ultra.'

Yesterday I had the honour to be presented to his Majesty the Emperor, and was highly gratified with his reception of me. He was acquainted that I had letters of introduction from Mr. Wilmot, to the Consul in Tangier, from whom I received indeed the greatest hospitality, and who did all in his power to promote my wishes. The fortunate circumstance of my having known the Prime Minister of his Majesty, whilst in Cairo, on his return from Mecca to this country, is also much in my favour; and though a great deal has been said against my project by the commercial party, particularly from the Jews of this country, who monopolize all the traffic of the interior, I obtained his Majesty's permission to join the caravan, which will set out for Timbuctoo, within one month.

If nothing should happen, and if promises are kept, I shall from this place cross the Mountains of Atlas to Taflet, where we shall join other parties from various quarters, and from thence, with the help of God, we shall enter the great Sahara to Timbuctoo. Should I succeed in my attempt, I shall add another 'notice-tablet' to the Temple of Fortune; and if, on the contrary, my project should fail, one more name will be added to the many others which have fallen into the River of Oblivion. Mrs. Belzoni will remain at Fez, till she hears of my departure from Taflet, which place is eighteen or twenty days' journey from hence, and as soon as that fact is ascertained she will return to England."

There is forthcoming "Poetical Sketches, with Stanzas for Music, and other Poems," by Alaric A. Watts. This little volume was printed about twelve months ago for private circulation; and the notice it attracted has led to its open publication.

A Romance from the pen of the Rev. C. R. Martin, author of "Bertram," is expected in the ensuing winter.

Africa.—We are sorry to see it stated in the *Ship News* of Portsmouth, that Captain

Taflet is 340 miles south of Fez.

Owen's Survey in Delgoa Bay has entirely failed. The natives are represented as being in the grossest state of ignorance, with little, if any idea of a Supreme Power, and incapable of comprehending figures beyond the number ten. The expedition into the interior, under Lieut. Browne, &c. was to proceed up the river Zambezi, for Quilamane to Seina, two hundred miles, and then be guided by circumstances.

Typhoon of Chinese Sea.—It is alleged by Thesius, who accompanied Krusenstern, that the cause of the typhoon of the Chinese sea is to be sought far in the bowels of the earth, and depends on agitations at the bottom of the sea.

The American Papers assert that Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, has done more than discover the Philosopher's Stone, for he has found out how to make diamonds, which, all the world knows, are more valuable than gold.

An ingenious gentleman has succeeded in hatching ducklings and chickens by steam; half the parental offices of ducks and hens will thus be sinecures.

Classical Pua.—A Carthusian going into Vauxhall Gardens the other night happened to push a Cockney rather roughly, upon which the latter turned round, exclaiming, "Sir, Vy do ye push so?" "Sine ci nulla via est" was the answer.

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Communications for the *Literary Gazette* are requested to be addressed to "the Editor;" as in cases of absence those personally addressed remain unopened, and thus delay often occur.

A letter to M. H. B. Post Office, Poplar, shall be sent on Monday.

Several Correspondents requiring answers will stir the goodness to excuse us till next week.

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